

SHANGHAI

BY
ELLEN THORBECKE



SCHIFF







To Mrs. Tony Sheehan
from her faithful client
Allen Thorbecke



Shanghai, October 1940



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SHANGHAI

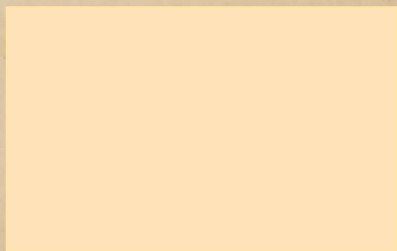


PHOTOGRAPHED
& DEPICTED BY

ELLEN THORBECKE

WITH
SKETCHES
BY
SCHIFF





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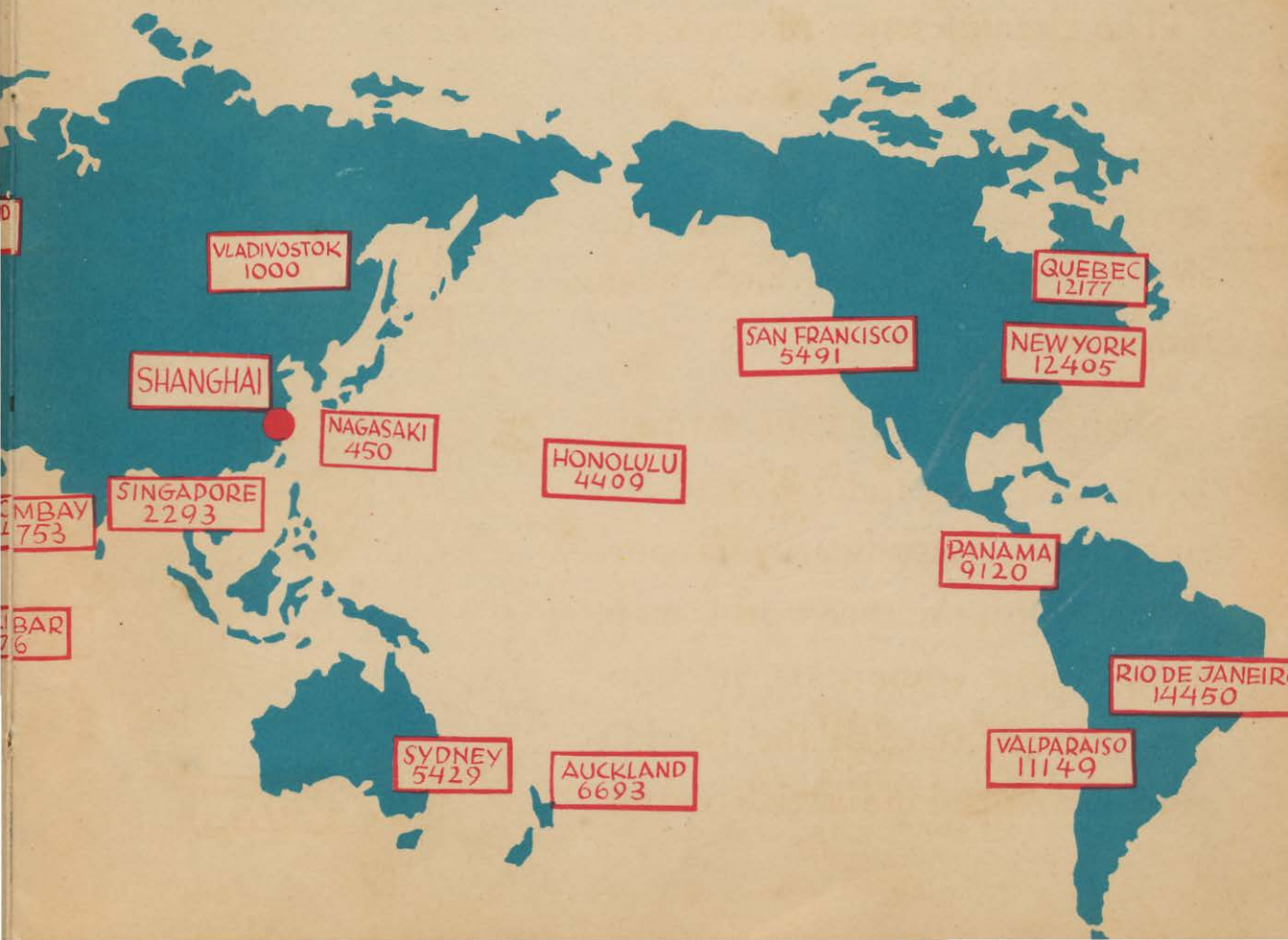
DISTANCES IN SEAMILES

The circumference of the earth is 21,600 sea miles, so that with approximate great circle routes no distance between two points should greatly exceed 12,000 such miles.

Shanghai, situated in latitude $31^{\circ}14'$ N. longitude $121^{\circ}29'$ E. enjoys an extraordinarily favourable position on the world map, being about equidistant in shipping time from all the world's most developed industrial centres.



FROM SHANGHAI TO IMPORTANT PORTS (BY ACTUAL SEA ROUTES)





TROUBLE NEVER ENDS IN SHANGHAI —

The name "Shanghai" means "Upper Sea" or "Above the Sea" but the city nowadays is situated about sixty miles inland. From time immemorial the Yangtsze-kiang has deposited at its mouth quantities of mud carried downward with its yellow tide. Little by little mud flats were emerging from the floods and became green fields.

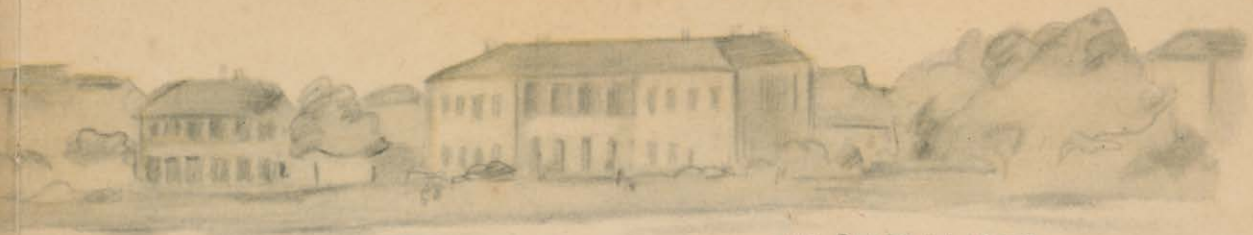
As far back as 2280 B.C. we find the first written report mentioning the countryside where Shanghai is situated, in the second of the five Books of the Classics which is believed to be written by Confucius himself and covers the period of Chinese history from 2357 B.C. to 721 B.C.

The first native account of the place itself dates from 249 B.C. in the era of "The Kingdoms" so celebrated in Chinese poetry and romance. The district was then known as "Lau in the Kingdom of Woo," the latter being the old name of Soochow. Scattered notices of it occur all down the stream of Chinese history, generally under the name of Hwating-hai, i.e. the seaport of Hwating.*

A map of Shanghai was drawn in 1010 A.D. When the name Shanghai appeared on written records of the year 1015, the town was first spoken of as Shanghai chin, meaning "the market of Shanghai." At this time, it had already become a place of importance as the sea-port of the immense and productive region stretching inland and the natural outlet for the products of the valley of the upper Yangtze, and as a convenient emporium for the interchange and transshipment of the products of the North and South.

In 1250 it was made the seat of the district college; in 1360 it attained to the dignity of a district city. From this time till the middle of the sixteenth century Shanghai had to suffer from the raids of Japanese pirates, who frequently harried great parts of the provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang. In 1543, they laid waste the whole district; this led to the building of the city walls in 1552 as a defence against them; but the Japanese came again in 1560 and invaded the country. The city of Shanghai, however, continued to spread and to prosper—almost unknown to the western world. It seems strange that the first Europeans who tried to open the country to their trade attached so little value to this ancient centre of commerce. The British pioneer enterprise of the East India Company had established a factory in Amoy in 1625. Two years later, after a dramatic struggle with the Portuguese owners of Macao, they started a branch in Canton. Only 130 years later the manager of the Canton factory drew attention to Shanghai as a place suitable for trade expansion. Yet it took another seventy-six years before Shanghai really attracted the interest of the foreign traders.

* Old name for Sungkiang.



THE BUND IN 1850

The first attempt was made by the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff in 1831 who sailed in a trading junk from Canton to Tientsin, calling at various ports on the coast, and reaching Shanghai in August of that year.

He had, however, at this time no intercourse with the authorities, but obtained information which gave him the fullest ideas of the fertility of the country and its vast resources for trade.

Next year, the East India Company, who suffered greatly from difficulties with the Mandarins in Canton, decided to despatch the "Lord Amherst" to endeavour to open up trade in the Northern ports of China. One of the Company's supercargoes, Mr. Hugh Hamilton Lindsay led the mission, and the enterprising Dr. Gutzlaff joined the expedition in his capacity of medical missionary. After visiting Amoy, Foochow and Ningpo, they advanced cautiously through the entrance of Woosung and tried to secure a pilot to Shanghai. Several went on board, but they all declared that no money would tempt them to pilot a foreign vessel into Shanghai.

Lindsay and Gutzlaff left the "Amherst" and proceeded in a boat to Shanghai. They landed on the spot where the British Consulate was later erected.

The welcome on the part of the Chinese was certainly not too warm. Mr. Lindsay described how they disembarked amidst a huge crowd who readily pointed out the way to the "Taotai's" the Governor's house, the Yamen. "As we approached the Yamen, the lictors hastily tried to close the doors. We were only just in time to prevent it, and pushing back the gate, entered the outer court of the Yamen, but the three doors leading to the inner court were shut and barred as we entered." After some polite knocking, the pioneers of peaceful trade intentions took the matter in hand and with some vigorous charges with their shoulders, they unhinged the centre door and obtained entrance to the hall of justice of the "Taotai". The officials did their utmost to discourage and humiliate the intruders, but only twenty-four hours later the same men were completely altered by the decided and yet kind manners of the strangers, overwhelming them with hospitality and politeness.

In the meantime, the "Amherst" had made her way to Shanghai without a pilot, achieving an act of rare courage. The military and naval forces of the district were assembled to prevent their anchoring and fifteen Imperial war junks were placed across the river, but the "Amherst" passed quietly through their lines and anchored safely. No positive results for trade agreements, however, could be attained. The officials neither could nor would grasp the meaning of this visit and the expedition

went away richer in experience but otherwise no better off than when they had arrived. They took with them a few hundred dollars' worth of silks and gauzes; this was the first business that a foreign merchant did in Shanghai.

Another attempt to open Shanghai to foreign trade was made, and failed as well, in 1835. The struggle between British trade expansion and China's unwillingness to collaborate culminated in the war of 1841-42 and on the 16th June, 1843 Sir William Parker arrived with a force at Woosung and after a fierce battle landed his troops at Shanghai. From here they forced their way to Nanking and further to Chinkiang, the stronghold of the Tartars. The capture of Chinkiang at last caused the Emperor to despatch peace negotiators to Nanking. A treaty was arranged and signed and after it was ratified by the Emperor, the ports of Shanghai, Ningpo, Foochow, Amoy and Swatow were opened to foreign trade.

The next years saw the beginning of the International Settlement and of the French Concession. The foreign population was then about a hundred, of whom seven were ladies. There were twenty-five mercantile firms engaged in business. Life altogether was not too bright for foreigners in Shanghai, though much better than in Canton, where the traders were virtual prisoners of the Mandarins on the tiny island of Shameen. They began building houses—rather impractical ones in tropical style which left them shivering in winter—and developing their business during these first ten years, till things began to take a turn for the worse, when a small body of the "Small Swords" came up to Shanghai. The "Small Swords" began their activity at about the same time as the "Taipings," being a revolutionary society of religious and moral conceptions different from the latter. They succeeded in capturing Amoy and proceeded to Shanghai. On the day of the Autumnal Sacrifice to Confucius in Shanghai in 1853, six hundred revolutionists mixed with the crowd pouring into the Chinese City in a festive mood and began their attack. The city magistrate was put to death and the "Taotai" made a prisoner. General dissatisfaction with the Government helped the invaders in winning over the masses who soon began to support the movement. Disorder broke out throughout the city. At last, two foreigners succeeded in rescuing the "Taotai" who immediately commenced preparations to recapture the city. He equipped a small ship as a war vessel and with the help of the Imperial troops, bombarded the city from the water front. Landing parties set fire to Nantao, but the attempt to break the walls failed. The small community of foreigners in the Settlement had a difficult and exciting time, with the rebels on one side and the Imperial troops on the other. Frequent incidents made it necessary to provide some sort of defence for themselves. This was the beginning of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps which, in succeeding

years, was to play an outstanding role in the history of the International Settlement. They did not wait very long for practice. Bands of Imperial soldiers were continually invading the Settlement, committing serious assaults on the foreign residents. On April 4th, 1854, the British Consul sent an ultimatum to the Chinese General in command requesting him to remove his troops from the immediate vicinity of the Race Course to the southern side of the native city. The General asked for delay but in a form which was rather a polite refusal. Thereupon the Settlement Force assembled near the present Cathedral site on Kiangse Road. British and American Naval contingents were reinforced by the Volunteer Corps—a total force of 300-400 men. They marched along the site of the Nanking Road as far as the present Chekiang Road. The Chinese camps were attacked on the front by the Americans and from the flank by the British. Within half an hour the Imperialists were in full retreat. The camps were set on fire and burnt. Four members of the Defence Force were killed and thirteen wounded. The fight took two hours on the afternoon of a perfectly sunny day on dry ground. How it earned the time-honoured name of the “Battle of Muddy Flat” has never been explained.

Seventeen months after they had entered the city the rebels of the “Small Swords” left Shanghai almost as rapidly as they had entered it. When the legal troops obtained possession of the city they looted it for three days and destroyed the eastern half by fire.

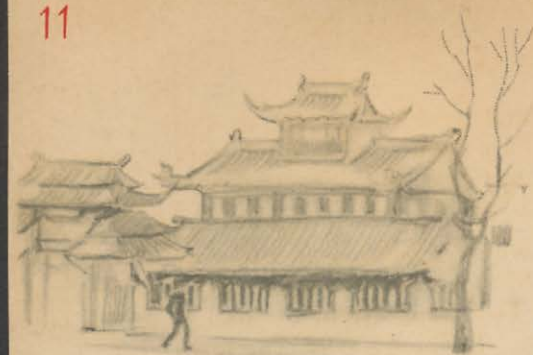
The one and a half years of struggle between the Imperialists and the rebels had affected the Settlement in a most disturbing way. Trade was greatly disorganised and a general decline in business caused an accumulation of imported goods in the merchants’ godowns.

A few years of relative peace were sufficient to re-organise the trade and bring further development to the foreign interests; but not for long. Already in 1860, Shanghai was threatened by a new and much more serious danger, the “Taiping rebellion”.

The movement originated in Canton and was started by a Chinese sectist, Sui-Chuen, who gathered thousands of “God Worshippers” with the idea of a crusade against idolatry. He aimed at overthrowing the old creeds and the teaching of the Classics and claimed to be the “Protector of the Poor”.

History has proved that similar movements very often succeed in gaining influence and power among the masses, for a while.

The popularity of Sui-Chuen, fed by prophecies and rumours of miraculous cures, soon swelled up to dangerous proportions. Originally a religious movement aiming at purifying morals and habits of the Chinese by means of a new creed, it developed into claiming the abolishing of the Manchu Dynasty and re-establishing of the Ming



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, IN THE FIFTIES —

Emperors. The political power of the movement began to attract all sorts of adventurous elements who saw their life's chance in overthrowing the existing order, hoping to become a part of the promised new and better social order. Numerous bandit groups raised the banner of the insurgents and pretended to be allies of the Taipings, committing pillage, rape and murder throughout Hunan, Kwangsi, Hupeh, Chekiang and Kiangsu provinces.

The rebellion spread northwards and established its capital at Nanking. When Soochow fell in the hands of the insurgents, consternation was felt in Shanghai and preparations for a possible defence were made by both foreigners and Chinese. When the rebels approached the city, on August 17th, 1860, they met with a stiff defence from the foreign forces. They managed, however, to enter Nantao at night and seized the Custom House. When they turned to the Settlement on the 20th, they were received by shells and after a two-hour bombardment, they retreated towards Siccawei.

The sharp resistance intimidated the Taipings who decided to give up Shanghai and evacuated their camps.

The menace of the rebels had driven three hundred thousand Chinese into the foreign settlement, leaving the authorities to deal with the problem of how to house and feed the influx of population. The cost of living increased considerably and prices for real estate began to soar.

Sui-Chuen, the originator of the Taiping movement who, in the meantime, had modestly changed his name into Tien Wang, i.e. Heavenly Emperor, at Nanking in 1861, granted one year's immunity to the city of Shanghai, promising not to approach it nearer than thirty miles.

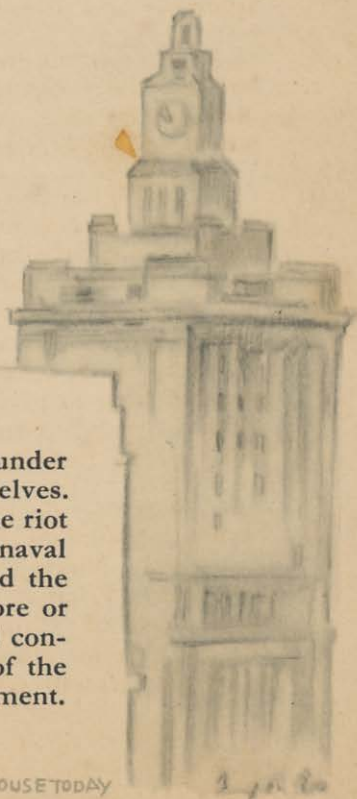
Shanghai enjoyed the breathing spell with its usual optimism and speeded up every chance for making money. Amusements and horse races were the order of the day; but on January 11th, 1862, it found itself faced with the second attack of thirty thousand Taipings with two hundred foreign adventurers who had enlisted in their service. The rebels advanced from three sides and reached a point a mile and a half from the British Consulate. They were opposed by the Volunteers and a battalion of Indian troops and repulsed. The foreign powers decided now to give up their policy of defence and gathered stronger forces in order to mop up the surroundings of Shanghai. They succeeded in bringing the Taiping Rebellion in Kiangsu to collapse in 1864.

Again a decade of rapid development began for both the International Settlement and the French Concession. Trade, social life, and sports developed generously, offering more and more attractions to foreign influx from the western countries. Friction between the small group of prosperous foreigners and the huge mass of Chinese became unavoidable, though the tactful diplomacy of the first foreign officials kept it down to a comparatively harmless degree. But with the growth of the Settlements, the antipathy of the native population

against the foreign intruders increased and culminated in the first riot in the French Concession in 1874. Houses were set on fire and many foreigners were wounded though nobody was killed. The attempt was soon crushed and Shanghai lived on to grow and prosper.

New clouds appeared on the horizon in 1899 when a general feeling of unrest spread over China. At this time a secret political society became active in Western Shantung. Their Chinese name meant "The Association of Justice and Harmony" or, written in different characters, "The Fists of Patriotic Union". To-day we would probably call them Nationalists with their anti-foreign and highly autocratic tendencies. The society made sports and boxing their main entertainment and thus obtained the name of "Boxers". Their anti-foreign feelings met with the sympathy of the Empress Dowager who found a welcome tool for her own ambitions in the movement. The storm broke out in Peking with the famous attack on the Legation Quarter. Shanghai's foreign population realised the increasing danger as well as their powerlessness to protect themselves. The servants in their own houses and the coolies in the street showed openly their contempt and hatred and let them understand that the "dies iræ" of the Chinese was near. Some relief was felt when it was learnt that the Viceroy of the central provinces had refused to drive out the foreigners. But the Empress Dowager issued a decree which ran:—"Whenever you meet a foreigner you must slay him." The arrival of three thousand Indian troops from Hongkong eased somewhat the nervousness of the foreign community. Smaller detachments of troops followed from all the nations concerned.

In the meantime, the Allied Forces had proceeded to Peking and the Imperial Court fled to Sianfu. Shanghai had been spared this time and peace was restored in 1901. But it has never been able to enjoy long periods of undisturbed progress. The war between Russia and Japan fought on Chinese territory left its traces. The victory of the Japanese gave to the Chinese a sense of superiority over the white races and resulted in the boycott of American goods as a protest against the restriction of Chinese immigration into the United States. Like all emotional actions in political life the movement became very popular among the Chinese and greatly disturbed the commercial life of the city. Threats of general strikes were made, a general exodus of the Chinese population from the Settlement began and the outbreak of hostile feelings manifested itself in the attacking of the premises of the Municipal Council by an infuriated mob in 1905. The police, who acted under command not to use fire-arms, were unable to defend themselves. They were overpowered and the police station set on fire. The riot was soon suppressed by the police, the Volunteers and foreign naval forces, but a certain tension between Chinese nationalists and the prosperous foreign population remained and resulted in more or less hostile disputes over questions of mutual interests as road construction outside the Settlement limits, or the functioning of the Mixed Court, or the rights of the native press within the Settlement.



In 1911, the revolution in China broke out, abolishing the Manchu Dynasty and putting an end to the four thousand year old power of the God-Emperor in the Forbidden City in Peking, who had linked together the enormous territories of the country. As if by a magic stroke the unity of the country disappeared. The Viceroys and Governors who wielded a well-nigh absolute power in their provinces became independent rulers. They fought each other without being able to establish even a semblance of order or unity. Internal war became endemic. Shanghai, however, went over to the Revolution without any fighting. The place gained a new importance as a political centre where representatives of different factions could meet for conferences and numberless political refugees found safety. The leaders of the revolution needing money and money forever, had to seek for it in Shanghai, and its bankers, by granting or refusing loans, could greatly influence the attitude of the new Government regarding the vested interests of the foreign powers.

A real crisis came, however, in the Summer of 1913, during the so-called "second revolution" directed against the Government of Yuan Shih-kai. In July revolutionists attempted to seize the Chinese Telegraphs in the Settlement and were successfully resisted by the police, as military operations within the foreign part of the city were considered a violation of its neutrality. There was considerable fighting in the Chinese districts adjacent to the French Concession and the International Settlement and for a week there was a nightly serenade of shells passing over sections of foreign governed territory.

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 did not concern Shanghai directly but naturally affected its trade and life among the foreigners. The place went through these four years with the magnificent vitality that is its specific quality and took up its growth after the war with unbroken energy and success.

Trouble, however, never ends in Shanghai. The year 1924 saw civil wars in China, both political parties coveting China's vital gate to the world. This was avoided but labour agitation resulted in street riots in the Settlement and clashes with the police. Again anti-foreign feeling ran high. The Chinese, with increasing persistence, demanded the abolition of extraterritoriality and the return to Chinese sovereignty of all foreign concessions. The incident was closed by the Shanghai Municipal Council agreeing to include Chinese representatives in their administration.



Next alarm came from Canton, where the increasing Nationalist movement launched a military expedition to the North. The British returned their concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang to the Chinese. Shanghai stood to attention

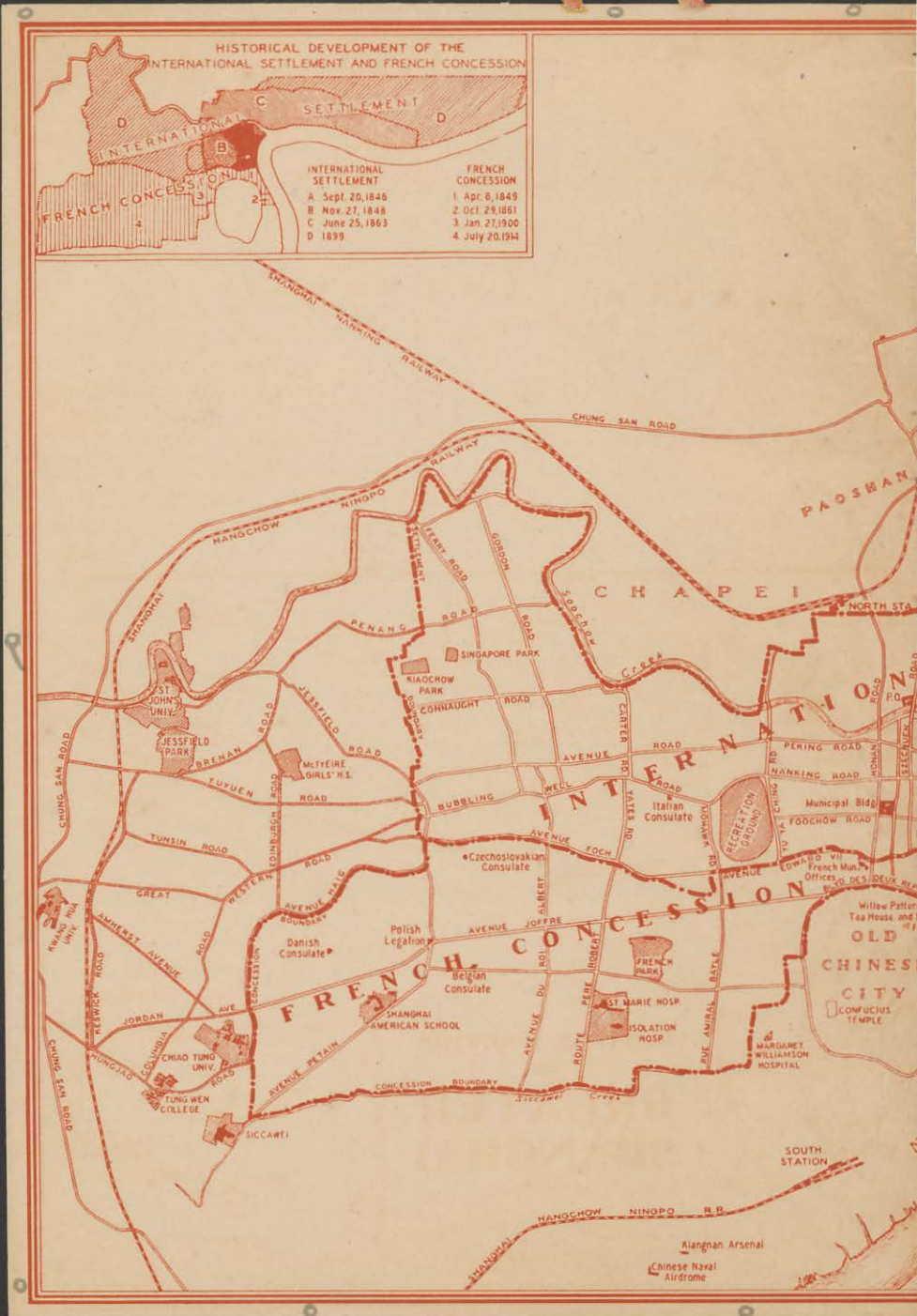
Early in 1927 the Nationalists began their advance on Shanghai. They took the Chinese sections of Shanghai and there was some fighting in Chapei and the Chinese City but no attempt was made to violate the foreign settlements. The situation seemed tense and unpleasant for Shanghai's foreign population and the hundred thousand Chinese who had sought refuge under the foreign flags, but five years later the Concessions faced a much more exciting situation when the Japanese landed strong naval units to eject Chinese military forces from the Chapei district adjacent to Hongkew where a large Japanese population has settled. The fighting did not touch the foreign settlements, but from the balconies of its fashionable skyscrapers people could watch the blood red sky illuminated by the raging fire and listen to the uncanny concert of the roar of shells and gun fire.

A year later Chapei was rebuilt and Shanghai went back to business. It would have done so even if it had known that after another five years Shanghai would face its worst ordeal in the new attack of the Japanese and the destruction of Chinese suburbs of the town. The foreign concessions experienced the greatest shock of their hundred years' old existence. But life went on, and Shanghai once more proved its invulnerable and uncrushable capacity of resistance. Its foreign settlements absorbed millions of Chinese refugees, offered shelter to thousands of homeless Europeans who were turned out by the vehement overthrow of social conventions in their countries. It lost, for the time being, its trade with Central and North China and saw its financial structure fundamentally changed. But it went on in its advance as it will go on in future across a hundred more obstacles. For that is Shanghai—overcrowded, colourful, dirty and brilliant at the same time, opportunistic, speculating, risking, intriguing, winning and losing, bursting with ideas of which only one per cent is ever realised, amazing, mean and generous.

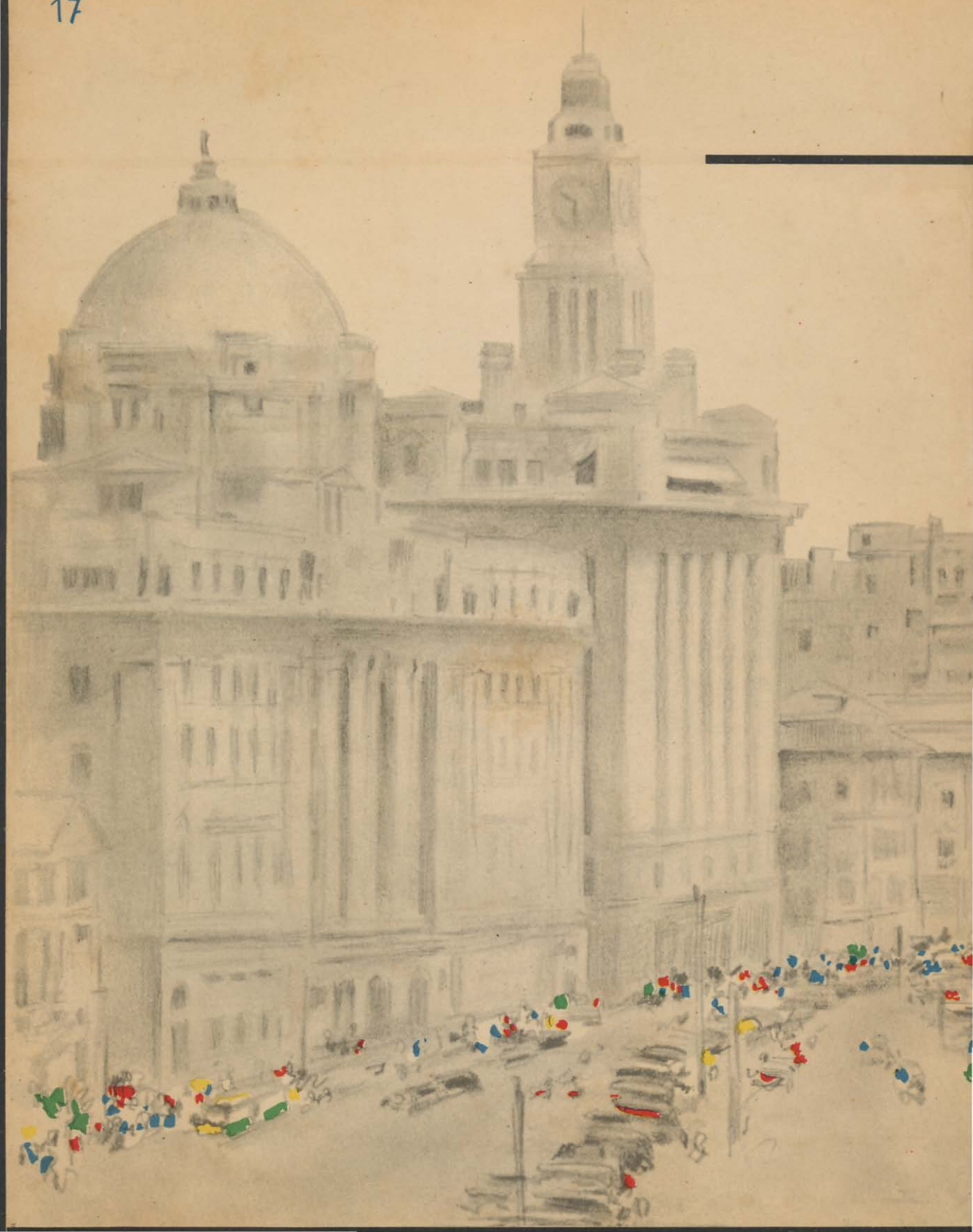
To depict this city of contrasts and unlimited possibilities at this very moment of high tension has been too tempting a task to be resisted.

THE BUND IN 1940









THE BUND



TRADE

Shanghai is China's main port and its trade volume is by far the largest compared with the other "outports" like Tientsin, Canton, Amoy, and Swatow.

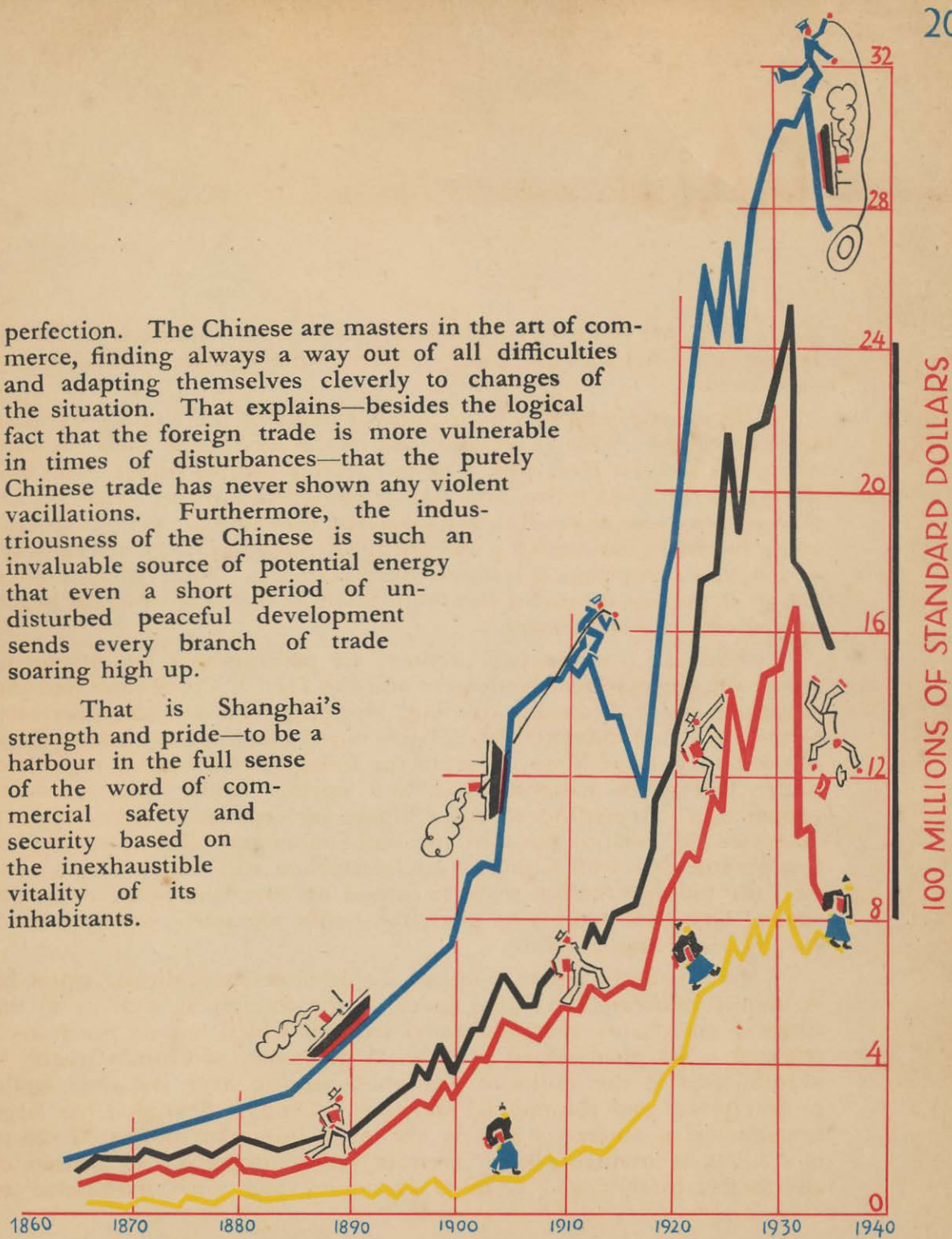
Towards Shanghai's huge harbour many of the world's shipping lines converge. What is not absorbed by the metropolis itself is routed along the Yangtse river with a basin covering 600,000 square miles and navigable for 1,630 miles, and further along the intricate canal system dating back as far as 540 B.C. and extended to Peking in 1320. It spreads along the Shanghai-Nanking and Shanghai-Ningpo-Hangchow railways which were completed only some thirty years ago. Motor-roads are not yet an important means of communication as their construction began only during the last decade.

From all these regions products are pouring back into Shanghai, where the International Settlement and the French Concession form an advanced post of western trading, shipping and banking interests. Commercial and industrial Shanghai is not China, it is the meeting place of the East and the West. Most of the foreign firms are still registered under their own national laws and operate under their consular jurisdiction. According to the Chinese conception of time, China's centuries old isolation has only just come to an end. Direct contacts of foreign interests with China's vast interior are still scarce. Up to our day, the bulk of foreign trade is carried on from the ports, or as the typical Shanghai expression goes, the goods are sold "over the bar" (i.e. of the Shanghai Club).

In a country where political disturbances periodically upset its economic structure, Shanghai gives to the foreign as well as to the Chinese merchants that additional security which has so much contributed to its phenomenal growth. A great part of China's wealth is accumulated in the vaults of Shanghai, turning over and over again in enterprises and commercial activities. Though Shanghai has large manufacturing interests, and is the most important industrial centre in China, its main business interests are commercial. In matters of commerce, foreign and Chinese capacities and aims harmonize to

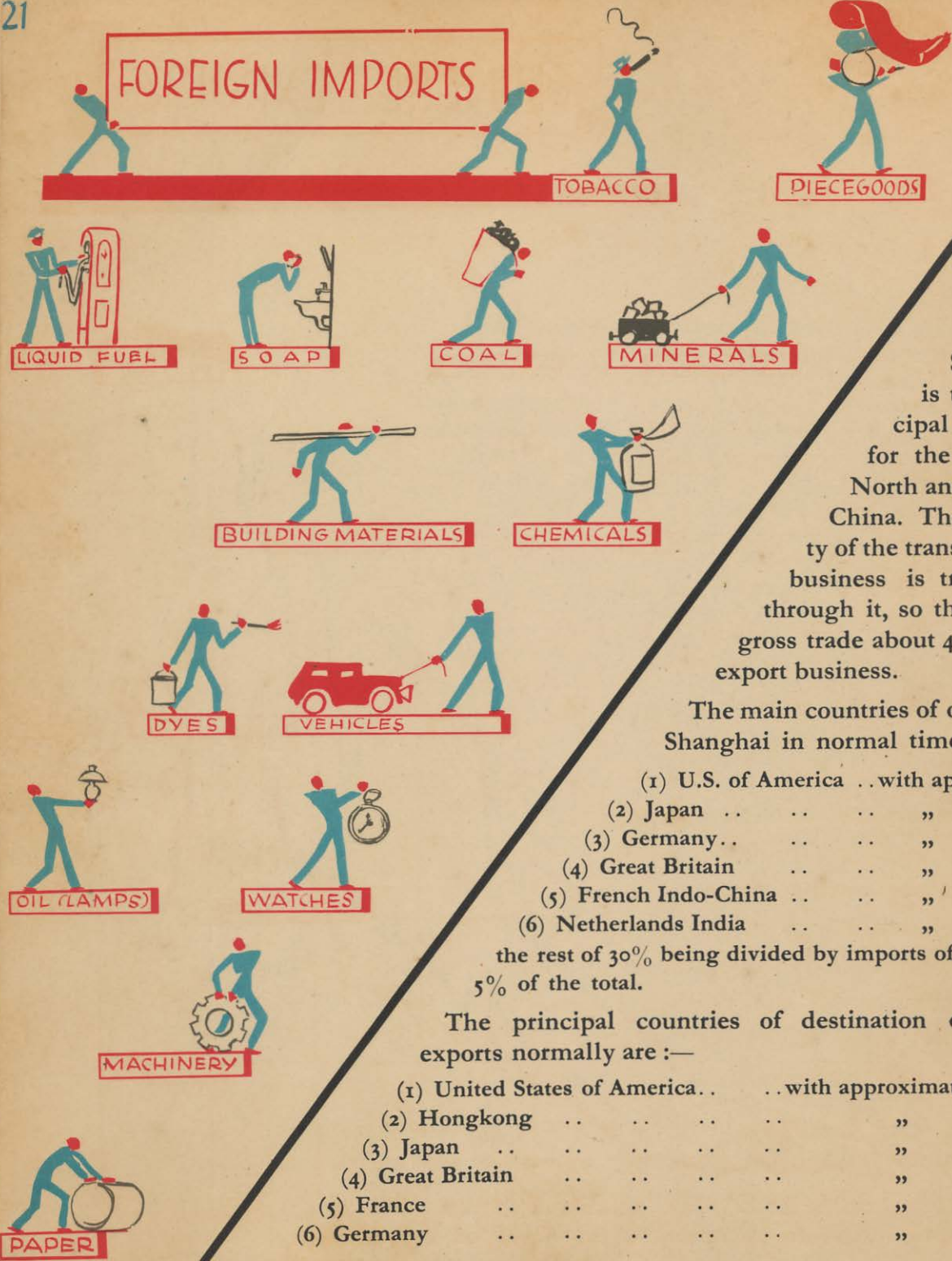
perfection. The Chinese are masters in the art of commerce, finding always a way out of all difficulties and adapting themselves cleverly to changes of the situation. That explains—besides the logical fact that the foreign trade is more vulnerable in times of disturbances—that the purely Chinese trade has never shown any violent vacillations. Furthermore, the industriousness of the Chinese is such an invaluable source of potential energy that even a short period of undisturbed peaceful development sends every branch of trade soaring high up.

That is Shanghai's strength and pride—to be a harbour in the full sense of the word of commercial safety and security based on the inexhaustible vitality of its inhabitants.



— TONS OF SHIPPING ENTERED & CLEARED
 — GROSS-TRADE OF PORT

— FOREIGN TRADE
 — PURELY CHINESE TRADE



Shanghai is the principal entrepôt for the trade of North and Central China. The majority of the trans-oceanic business is transacted through it, so that of its gross trade about 40% is re-export business.

The main countries of origin for Shanghai in normal times are:—

- (1) U.S. of America .. with appr. 20 %
- (2) Japan 15 %
- (3) Germany 11 %
- (4) Great Britain 11 %
- (5) French Indo-China 7 %
- (6) Netherlands India 6 %

the rest of 30% being divided by imports of less than 5% of the total.

The principal countries of destination of direct exports normally are:—

- (1) United States of America with approximately 24 %
- (2) Hongkong 17 %
- (3) Japan 14 %
- (4) Great Britain 9 %
- (5) France 5 %
- (6) Germany 5 %

CHINESE EXPORTS

COTTON GOODS

CHINAWARE

RICE ETC.

WOOL

TEA

TOBACCO

EGGS

OIL & FATS

ANTIMONY

SILK

HIDES

the rest
going to
different coun-
tries in quantities
of less than three
per cent. of the total.

Considering the fact that in recent years the value of the total imports was almost twice as high as the exports, an obvious discrepancy appears between China's attractiveness as a buying power and her own unfavourable position as a money-making country in commercial intercourse with the world. This contrast, however, is largely made up for by the remittances of the Oversea Chinese who for many years have sent considerable sums specially from the Netherlands East Indies and Malaya. If there were a change in these countries preventing their Chinese inhabitants from free economic activities, trade with China would change its structure and her export would have to be raised to the level of her imports.

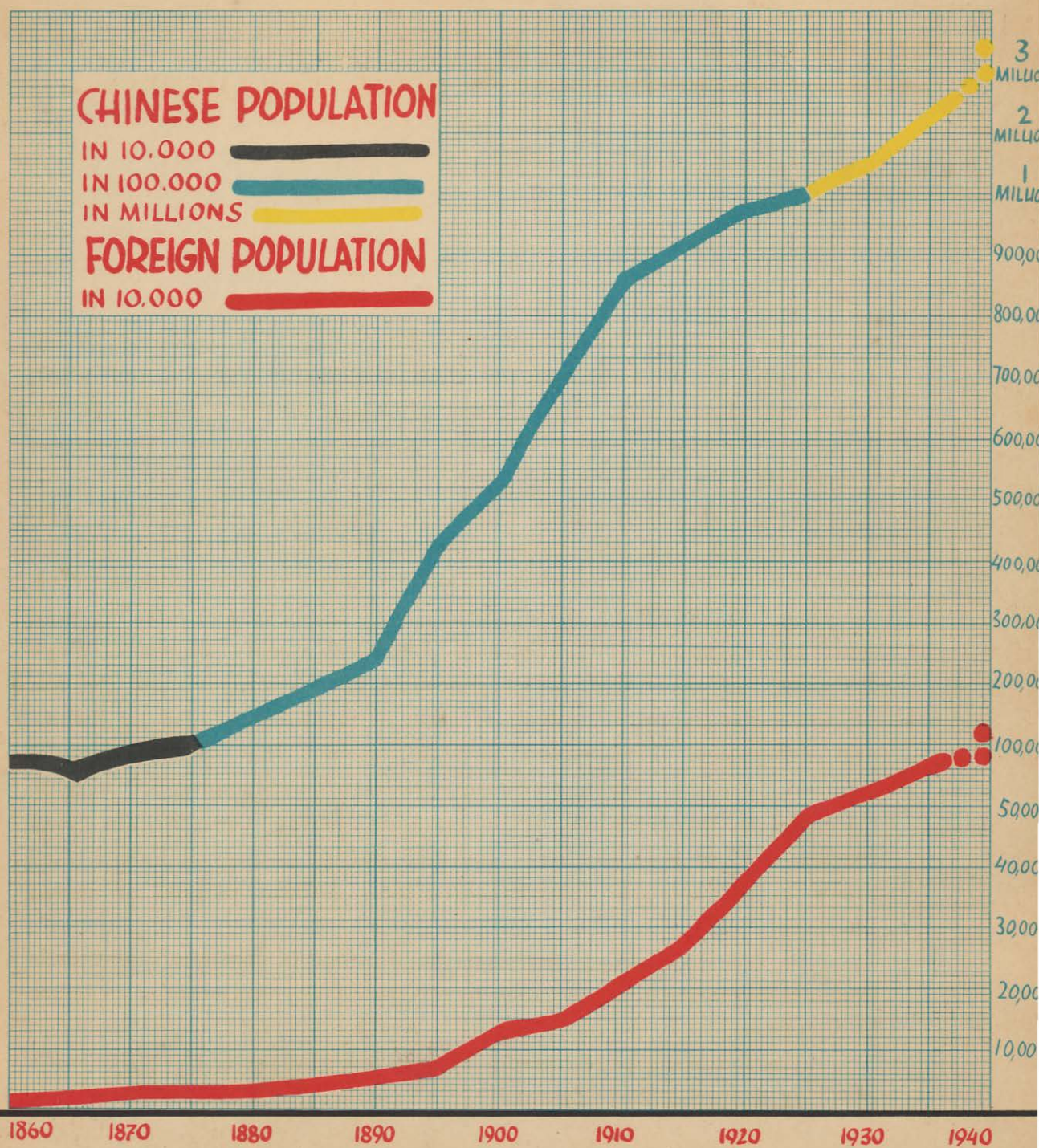
GROWTH OF CHINESE & FOREIGN POPULATION IN THE SETTLEMENTS —

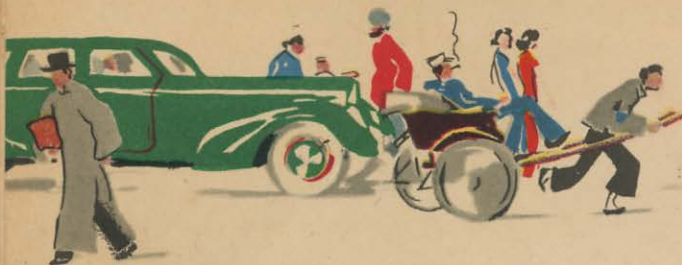
The French Municipality and the Shanghai Municipal Council give figures on the population of their settlements divided into about fifty nationalities. The five biggest groups after the Chinese are the Japanese, Russians, Jewish refugees from Central Europe, British and Americans.

Fifty nationalities flock together in an area of a little over eight thousand acres. Yet they form only a minority of about three to five per cent of the Chinese population. There are three million Chinese living, working and competing in the world's most colourful and puzzling port, with approximately forty thousand Japanese, twenty thousand White Russians, and more than fifteen thousand Jewish refugees and the rest of twenty-five thousand subjects of other nationalities, headed by Britons and Americans. This order, however, is not that of the national interests involved. Foreign western investments in Shanghai are roughly estimated at three hundred million pounds sterling, Great Britain being the first creditor with about two hundred million pounds and the United States following with approximately forty million pounds of vested interests.

In this relationship between the number of foreigners and their financial importance lies the clue to the peculiarity and strange structure of Shanghai.

The following pages merely try to give a glimpse of the phenomena resulting from the above figures.





THE HOTELS

In every port the tourist experiences first the sight of the skyline, next the customs officials and then a chaos of hotel-porters, guides, beggars and taxi-drivers whirling him into either red fury or apathetic resignation till he finds himself in the lobby of his hotel. Here begins the stranger's real entrance into the city. The adventure starts with the artificial stage atmosphere that fills every first-class hotel, and with the well-trained acting and graceful make-belief of its employees and servants who alertly spring to attention.

The solemnity of the place immediately transforms Mr. and Mrs. Johnson from Ohio, U.S.A., into gentlefolk who would never dream of arguing about prices, and would rather die than show that all this luxury is anything but their every-day habit. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have ceased to be their old selves and have become GUESTS OF THE HOTEL.

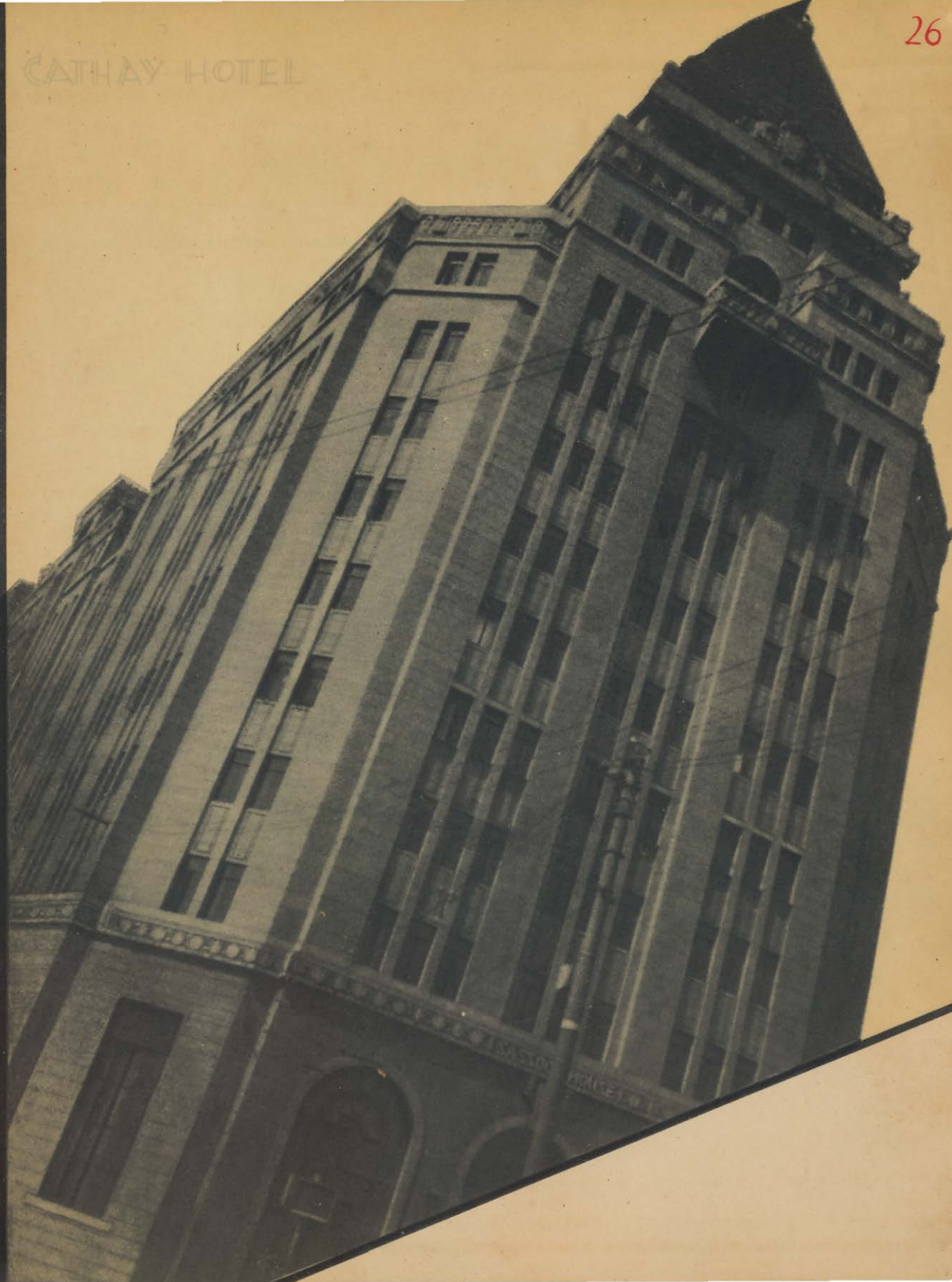
Two hundred and fifty rooms and suites, each with private bath are at the disposition of Monsieur and Madame. Of course, they need not take them all—the house is full to capacity! Monsieur might wish to look first at the “Futurist Suite,” or would Madame prefer to occupy an apartment in Chinese, Japanese or Indian style? Does Monsieur think that Madame is fond of Jacobean or Georgian surroundings? (Madame has never heard of them, but she would certainly not admit it. . .) They sigh with relief when at last the door closes behind them and they find themselves in a well furnished comfortable English suite.

Mr. and Mrs. Hotel-Guest know by now that the grandeur of the place imposes its own obligations. They descend black marble stairs covered with thick carpets. Noiseless lifts carry them up to where lounges open on to spacious terraces overlooking the city, river and surrounding country, from a breath-taking height. They glide over a white maple dance floor, allow themselves to be impressed by the modern Chinese style of a restaurant where they toy delicately with the exquisite food which a self-possessed Maître d'Hotel has decreed to them with even more exquisite politeness; everything is delightful and unreal and Mr. and Mrs. Hotel-Guest have entirely lost themselves to The Hotel.

Outside is Shanghai, noisy, dirty, quivering with life and hard with reality. Monsieur and Madame turn through the heavy revolving doors of The Hotel, and awakening they discover Mr. and Mrs. Johnson from Ohio, U.S.A., in Shanghai.



CATHAY HOTEL



THE LONGEST BAR IN THE WORLD



It is sheltered in a building in English Renaissance style that serves the male Shanghai population as a refuge and home during their hours of leisure, as a club should do. It is essentially a foreign business men's Club and comprises members of nearly all nationalities, whose hospitality to visitors wishing to inspect the Club is proverbial. The present Shanghai Club is a resurrection of the old Club that was erected in 1863. The existing one is about thirty years old and covers an area of 10,500 square yards. Besides upwards of a hundred rooms and suites it contains a library, reading, dining and billiard rooms, marble staircases, panelled walls, teak dado and most important of all, the longest bar in the world. To be correct, it measures 110.7 feet. Between 12 and 1 and after 5 o'clock the bar is usually invisible behind a wall of backs belonging to a small army of cocktail-sipping members.

Only a few dozen steps from this monumental token of Shanghai is another object of interest. Before the entrance to the new building of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, the biggest bank in the Far East, are the statues of two bronze lions, showing their teeth rather fiercely to the entering customers. They are not intended to



scare off investors but symbolize the strength, royal attitude and nobleness of the great banking firm. While the foreigners just take the lions at their face value, the shrewd Chinese go a step further. They feel they could use a little of the lions' silent promise and hundreds of Chinese passers-by every day just touch the lions' paws, which have become shiny and yellow by numberless caresses. These Chinese have certainly no part of the rolling wealth within the palace but they take with them their bit of the lions' kingly power by a moment's contact of their warm hand with the cold and pitiless metal.

AND THE LIONS-PAWS OF CAPITALISM



NEWSPAPERS



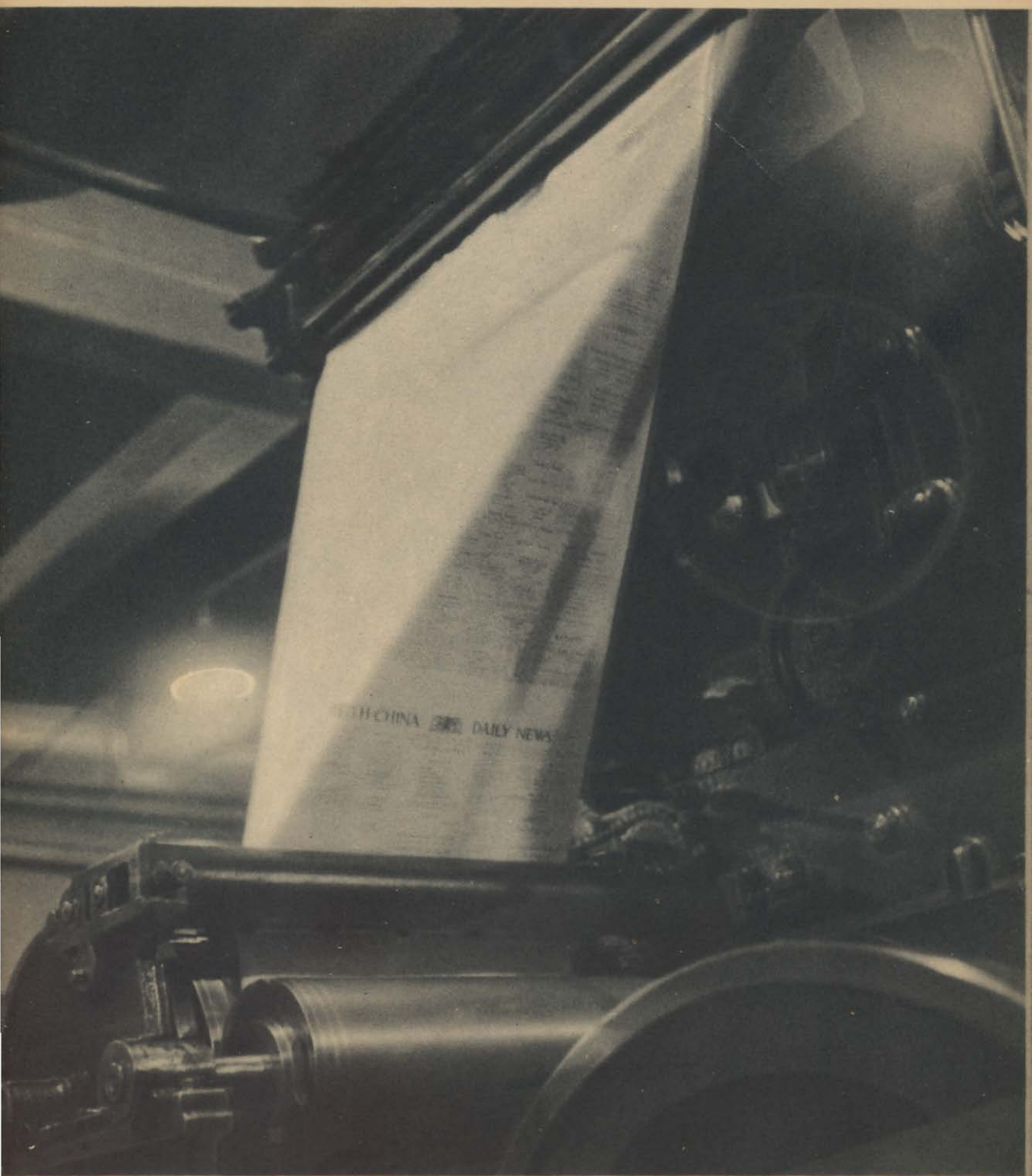
The Chinese publishing house as we know it in the West does not exist in China. There is no outflow of modern fiction, books of travel or belles lettres—but there is the story-teller whose repertoire is an amazing variety of ancient historical and mythical tales. He is to be found in the street, the tea-house and the theatre, keeping alive the legends of China's long history.

Newspapers, however, are gaining a hold on the infinitesimal proportion of China's masses who can read the written character, but though they are great in number their circulations are small, the largest of them printing less than a hundred thousand copies a day.

On the other hand, China's foreign population is well provided for. In Shanghai there are newspapers in English, German, French, Russian and Japanese. By far the oldest is the "North-China Herald," an English weekly which was established in 1850, followed by the "North-China Daily News" in 1864. Shanghai, by the way, was in North China in the early days, Central China being Canton. The same "North-China" Company also started the first Chinese newspaper in the '70's, but it was not till late in the century that other dailies made their appearance.

Of the principal daily papers now published in Shanghai two are British, one American, one French, one German, two or three Japanese, three Russian and six Chinese owned. There is a couple of German refugee publications and a number of Chinese periodicals, monthlies, weeklies and bi-weeklies, published in Shanghai, all with small circulations (usually a few hundred) and with few exceptions, short lives. Their contents range from political propaganda to candid camera pictures snapped at cocktail parties; the Chinese aptly call such native productions "mosquito papers."





Long before the palaces of the foreign and Chinese banks were erected with their marble halls and electric lights, steel safes and scores of employees, there were those numerous exchange shops all over Shanghai in dirty, dingy premises, just as they are to-day.

One can hardly realize the important role which these primitive counters behind thick lattices have played and still play in the financial world of Shanghai.

There are three kinds of Money Exchange Shops. The biggest ones, the "Hwei Hwa" are really native banks and their owners are members of the Shanghai Money Exchange Merchants' Association.

The proprietors of the second class—the "Tiao Ta" are not entitled to be members of the Association. Their business, however, is very much the same as that of the native banks, and institutions with a working capital of \$1,000,000 are not unusual. Savings and current accounts, insurance and trusts are some of their activities, many of them own godowns and trade and finance various businesses on a large scale.

The most numerous of the exchange shops belong to the third group and are found all over the place. In the main traffic roads one can find two or three such shops on one corner, but also in the small alleys and lanes one need never go very far before coming across one of the tiny filthy shops with the pretentious flag indicating the "Money Exchange" shop. These are, however, strictly speaking, not money exchanges only, but also cigarette and sweet shops which sometimes even house a letter-writer who reads and writes the correspondence of the clients.

However obscure and dirty all these shops may appear, the owners conduct their business in a reliable and respectable manner. The exchange rates there are generally more favourable for the customer than those of the big banks and transactions are swiftly and efficiently executed with the old Chinese honesty which has disappeared in many branches of public life with the increasing modernisation of habits and principles of the huge melting pot that is Shanghai.



Nanking Road is the Broadway of Shanghai and the artery of the giant town. Bathed in Neon-light at night, and whirling with life during the day, it has preserved a surprisingly Chinese aspect. The Chinese dominate the street, while the foreigners sit in their offices behind the grey walls, or pass by in car, bus or rickshaw. The native population also utterly neglects the foreign-given name of Nanking Road, to them it is "Dao Ma Loo," the Great Horse Road. The biggest Chinese department stores and shops are in Nanking Road, the foreign enterprises being situated in the part between the Bund and Honan Road, that is less than one quarter of its length.

After sunset, when work has stopped and the foreigners leave their offices for the Western districts, Nanking Road from the Race-course to the big department stores of the Sun Company and Wing-On is transformed into a Chinese promenade. Then the slender highly-painted Chinese demi-monde damsels make their appearance, accompanied by their chaperons, who are their business managers as well as protectors. Traffic has come almost to a standstill, but Nanking Road is packed with human beings who have taken possession of the street with its background of empty, silent and grey buildings, till the small hours of the day bring back the first traces of work and busy haste, and the colourful nocturne fades away like a spectre.

NANKING ROAD





S / K H S



Shanghai is a city of approximately five million inhabitants. No wonder that its traffic is enormous and a mixture of East and West just as the city itself. There are trams, double-deck buses, huge lorries, private cars of all sizes and ages as is natural in a place like this. There are railless trolleys also, where traffic is dense and the streets too narrow for tramlines. Among these modern means of communication are numberless rickshaws, bicycles and one-wheeled barrows, which not only serve to carry amazing loads, but are often the taxi for the poor. These vehicles consist of a big wheel between two broad planks of wood. At opening and closing time at the factories, many of these wheelbarrows can be seen, on each side balancing four or five giggling and babbling Chinese girls on their way to or from work. The coolie between the shafts wears a broad brace round his neck on which the load of the vehicle is virtually suspended while he pushes his way through the crowd.

The greatest handicap of traffic in Shanghai is the pedestrian who packs the streets in large numbers. There are three kinds of pedestrians: first the sleep-walkers or those Chinese who cross the streaming traffic in trance-like indifference without looking right or left. Secondly, one distinguishes the jumpers, or the people who lose their heads, in front of an approaching vehicle, and start some kind of hula hula dance for want of decision whether to retreat or to advance, forcing the traffic to a complete standstill till they recover. The third public traffic nuisance is the just-in-time-runner who dashes across the street, smiling challengingly at the fast approaching cars, and while the drivers



RICKSHAWS



risk tearing their brakes in order to avoid a fatal crash, the runner gaily hopping reaches the other side. He has succeeded in ridding himself of the "Bad Spirits" which attach themselves to the shadow of a person and have now been caught and killed by the car from which he had such a narrow escape.

Like a rock in the raging seas amidst this noisy and colourful muddle towers the Sikh, descendant of the warlike Indian tribe whose traditional courage and loyalty made them valuable as police officers on the China coast.

Red light: traffic stops. The panting rickshaw coolies wipe their faces and start a quick chat with their colleagues. A few chauffeurs blow their horns for sheer pleasure. A pedlar with a huge load suspended from a bamboo pole across his shoulders tries to break through and is driven back by a Chinese constable with an avalanche of words that is truly admirable in speed and quantity. The pedlar recoils, the green light is switched on. The rickshaws start dashing on like Marathon runners. They try frantically to beat the motor-cars by a length before the next red light stops them again. Often they succeed, winding their way through the traffic that handicaps the bigger vehicles in their progress. That is the coolies' fun—then they can laugh and joke and tease the uniformed conductors of official traffic: these ragged rickshaw pullers who toil themselves to an early death of tuberculosis and starvation. They put all their strength and skill in a superhuman effort, only for the pleasure of outwitting the superior machine. Thus is their spirit of sport and a noble one it is too: it is the spirit that takes the bitterness and humiliation from things and leaves the smile and satisfaction of being an organic part of a whole.

TRAFFIC

AND



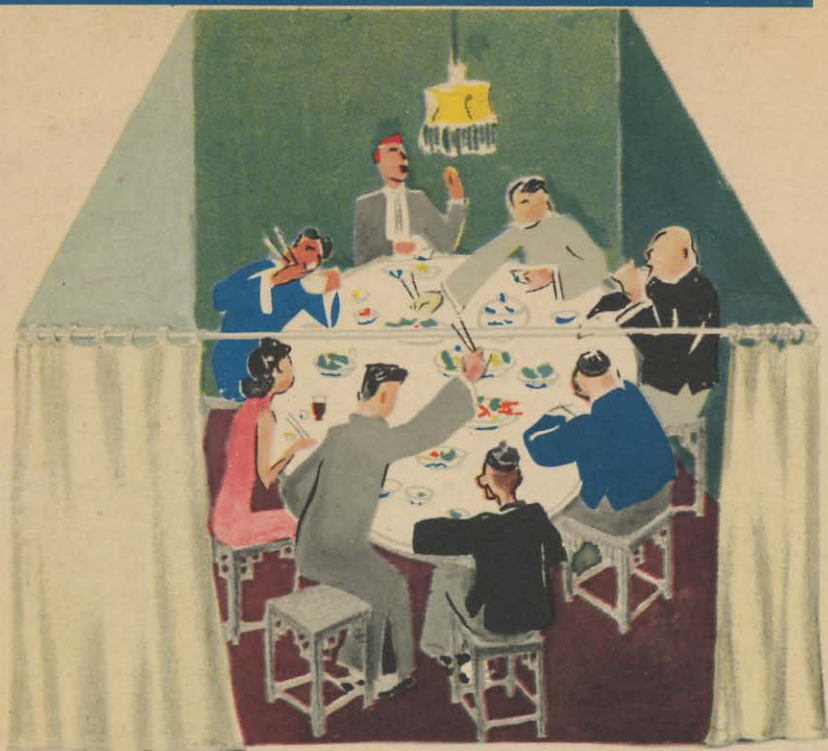
THE TEMPLES

Travellers go to Peking or Hangchow to see temples, but it rarely occurs to them to seek for religious places in Shanghai. They pass along Nanking Road many times but few of them ever enter the premises of No. 496 where, close to the roaring traffic, opens a Buddhist temple, so beautiful and mysterious that nobody will ever forget it. It is but a roofed courtyard surrounded by niches and dark corners, where sun-rays, candle-light and the smoke of incense mix an incredible scale of colours that fade into the complete darkness of the open rooms in which altars are erected. At every hour of the day the place is crowded, men, women and children walking in, kneeling before the shrine, and knocking their foreheads on the ground. Burning incense sticks or lighted candles are fixed on a wooden rack before the images of the gods. Silver paper, shaped in the shoe form of the ancient Chinese "tael" which was only recently replaced by the round silver coin, is burnt in huge bronze vessels. Groups of men and women are chatting quietly and nobody takes offence at their behaviour, nor at the actions of an occasional foreign visitor, who may even use his camera or pencil unmolested. Thus, the natural and incomparable assurance of their religious actions enables the Chinese to perform them without shyness or pomp in the midst of their daily routine.

The foreign settlements alone shelter more than two dozen big and little temples; those who take the trouble to find them out will be rewarded by discovering another and lovable Shanghai hidden behind the stage setting of a ruthless metropolis.

有求必應





CHINESE

art and philosophy have declined in the course of five thousand years of an often endangered and never annihilated national existence, poverty has stricken the huge territory, and the standard of living of China's population nowadays is the lowest of all cultured peoples in the world. Yet through the centuries the art of cooking has been preserved in China.

A Chinese meal is based on rice or flour in the form of noodles or thick round cakes baked to a golden brown. Rice is by no means the sole food of the Chinese, as is generally believed in foreign countries. Rice is difficult to cultivate and grows only in fields submerged under several inches of water. Many districts of China, however, are insufficiently irrigated and often affected by drought. Therefore, the peasants planted wheat in many areas and got used to food made from flour. The poor man's meal consists invariably of a large bowl of steaming rice or noodles and a very small one filled with vegetable or bean-cake, fish or, on festive occasions with pork or chicken, taken in titbits. Frugal as the meal may be, it is always very tasty and delicately flavoured. Only the French, the other people who are experts in culinary art, understand the scale and shading of tastes that please the palate as the Chinese do. If that passes for the coolie's humble food, how much more refined and artistic is a chosen dinner of the rich! Foreigners abroad sometimes associate Chinese food with rotten eggs, rats and earth-worms, and shudder at the mere thought of it. Lovers of China's culture and her food find themselves in a queer position in these cases. It is easy to explain that the so-called rotten



eggs are very fresh ones preserved for a few days in a strange fluid which penetrates the egg and transforms the white into a jelly-like mass of dark brown colour and strangely pleasant taste, and that the earth-worms are in reality snakes, specially hatched and highly appreciated in some provinces as a delicacy which, after all, is not worse and not better than our eel, its colleague and relative, while rats have never found their way into a Chinese dish. But how can one ever explain to anyone who does not know the Chinese, their peculiarities, refinements, shrewdness, minute parsimony in every-day life coupled with opulent lavishness on festive occasions—that the Chinese truly eat about everything in, on and above the ground, and yet are the most exquisite gourmets on earth? Who could understand without experience that jelly-fish in vinegar is delicious, that the seeds of the lotus boiled with oranges and mysterious spices give a sweet soup of indescribably fine flavour? Ink-fish is popular and so are chicken-tongues and feet, bears' paws, shark's-fins, bird-nests, chrysanthemum leaves and practically all and everything that grows, swims, flies, runs or crawls. A solemn Chinese dinner lasts for three and more hours and contains from fifteen to forty or more dishes. It starts generally with four cold dishes placed in the middle of the table. The first hot dish then is shark's fins in one of the many preparations Chinese cooking has invented. Rice is served only at the end of the festive meal and it is bad form to eat it, as it might give the impression that the meal left one hungry. Soup is always the last of the courses, followed sometimes by boiled millet which is considered to be helpful for digestion, and fruit taken at another table after the party has got up from the meal.

Here is a menu of an average dinner as it might be served for some intimate friends without the formality that would probably triple the choice of courses:

Chinese Ham	Sweet Pickles
Spiced Chicken	Roast Sausages
Shark's Fins with Shredded Chicken	Barbecued Duck
Sweet and Sour Pork	Fried Fish and Ham Cutlets
Stuffed Prawns	Vegetarian's Dish de Luxe
Mushrooms and Bamboo Shoots	Sliced Quail with Green Pepper and Bamboo Shoots
Shrimps plain sauté	Five-flavoured Beef
Bird's Nest Soup with Pigeon Eggs	Turtle-soup en casserole
Curried Chicken	Fried Rice, Cantonese Style
Shao-Hsing Wine	Green Tea
Sunflower Seeds	Pickles
Salted Nuts	

This, of course, is only one example out of an infinite variety of menus that change with the seasons and in every province of the country. Shanghai offers them all at hundreds of restaurants. There is Cantonese or Szechuenese food, the delicious Mongolian soup-pot, the famous Peking cookery, and even Buddhist vegetarian restaurants within temples where vegetables are prepared like fish and meat in a variety of taste that is an art in itself.

There is one fact about Chinese food undisputed among all foreigners: who has not tasted a Chinese meal has never tasted real

FOOD



PARADE OF
VOLUNTEER



THE SHANGHAI
CORPS



RACECOURSE AND RECREATION GROUND

The big green patch at the end of the busy Nanking Road just where the busy Bubbling Well Road begins, faced by the highest sky-scrapers and surrounded by Chinese quarters, is the very lung of the hectic city of Shanghai. It is the sport and recreation ground, the training field of thousands of foreigners, and therefore a centre of great importance. All kinds of sport are open to the members of the clubs and the public. There is a swimming pool and a cricket ground, a small but well kept golf course, baseball and football fields, lawn bowls, tennis courts, and last but not least, the race-course. The days of the races are traditional holidays in Shanghai with offices and banks closed and the whole foreign and Chinese population endeavouring to take part in the big event. Excitement and betting run high, while Shanghai once more is lost to the outer world





in full concentration on its own affairs. Everybody knows every pony. The Shanghai pony has been characterized by Charles M. Dyce in the following quotation :

" . . . he is something like a sheep, his nose rounding off in an ignoble fashion. He is not unlike a camel. In disposition he is like a pig. He also resembles a jackass and a mule in many ways. He is like a cat for climbing. He has some points in common with all the second-rate quadrupeds in creation ; the one animal of his own particular family to which he bears the least resemblance is the English thoroughbred. . . "

This, however, is a contestable statement and a matter of taste.

Speaking of taste and quotations, the scrupulous chronicler is obliged to mention a " pai-lou " called the " widow's monument " on the recreation ground which is explained in the Encyclopædia Sinica by the impressive words :

" These memorials are erected to women who have been killed or have committed suicide in defence of their chastity, widows who have escaped compulsion to remarry by destroying themselves, or those who have performed suttee.* "

So noble a monument on Shanghai's recreation grounds serves as proof of the city's true spirit of sport.

* Hindu sacrifice to cremate the widow with the dead body of her husband.



NO PAPA!
NO MAMA!
NO CHOW CHOW
NO WHISKY SODA!
PLEASE
PAY
CUMSHA!



BEGGARS

It is officially denied, but often proved, that there is a well organized beggar-league in Shanghai, headed by a beggar-king or chieftain who rules his ragged people with justice and autocratic power. Nobody knows him or could tell where he lives. Nevertheless his activities are obvious in the admirable manner in which he distributes the huge army of cripples, blind people and other wretches throughout the town. There are never two "parties" working on the same spot; but on the other hand, there is hardly any spot without a beggar. On big occasions as weddings, funerals or other festivals an "envoy" of the beggar king is dispatched to the place to negotiate for an appropriate amount of money for the beggar guild, in return for which the beggars will be kept away from the place during the performance. If it is paid, one can be sure that no miserable cripple will disturb the event; but beware if the envoy's terms are not met with consideration. A crowd of the most appalling creatures will bar the way of the guests, besiege the doors and spoil everything with their cries and laments. Very much the same will happen to a shop, the owner of which is unwilling to pay his contributions to the beggar guild's fund. Nothing will rid him from the sinister guard of a terrible looking beggar at his door until he gives in and pays.

It is officially denied and unofficially confirmed that years ago the authorities of the foreign settlements endeavoured to get in touch with the mysterious beggar king and suggested taking over his organization and supplying the beggars with legal licences, relief and medical care. The negotiations were lengthy, as the chieftain wanted guarantees and details on the proposed action of the Council. At last they were broken off when the chief declared himself dissatisfied with the planned campaign of the authorities which he thought insufficient for the need of his miserable army, so everything remained in the beggar guild as it has been in old China for many, many centuries.





SOMETHING ON CHITS,

COMPRADORES,

SHROFFS AND MISCELLANEOUS



Foreigners who have lived in China are apt to talk in terms which are incomprehensible even to the learned philologist. There might be an old Shanghailanders telling his friends at his club in Dover Street all about his shroff who got into trouble with a customer because of a chit which was not duly cashed, and his compradore being upset about it—for what was his shroff thinking of angering a man who held goods for millions in his godowns . . . ! Of course, the gentleman does not realize that his friends' polite: "No, really, too bad!" and "You don't mean that!" indicate their interest as well as their slight pity for his obviously unsettled mind. Now the fact is that a shroff is a Chinese employee who formerly, when the beautiful silver dollars still rolled into the pockets of the merchants, "shroffed" the silver coin, that means: it was his business to find out, by touch, the good dollars and the base ones. In the course of time his duty extended to cashing bills and dunning slow payers. That is by no means an easy job in Shanghai, considering the fact that up till very recently a man of standing would have been





ashamed to carry cash in his pockets or to have money in his home. One signed a "chit," the simplified brother of the IOU, and did not bother about the rest. Even to-day, chits are signed for everything from a drink to a new Rolls Royce, and cashing them is just the job of the respective shroff whose knowledge of financial weather-forecast, graphology and psychology requires the diplomacy of an ambassador combined with the tact of a French maitre d'hotel. Complicated as the matter may be, it is yet a comforting and optimistic feature of Shanghai that the "chit" has outlived war, depreciation of currency and general depression to be still the predominant means of payment in business and private life, for as long as there is credit there is confidence, and where there is confidence, prosperity is not far away.

Speaking of confidence brings us to the relationship that unifies East and West in the person of the foreign merchant and his compradore. The word derives from the Portuguese "compra" that means "to buy." The compradore is the Chinese middleman between foreign enterprise and the Chinese market. Without a compradore there is no big business in Shanghai. The foreigners know that by experience and greatly appreciate having good compradores. Not a few of them are tremendously rich and powerful through connections with the entire industry and the Government. The compradore embodies the historical conception of the old-fashioned Chinese merchant-honour when a word meant more than a contract or guarantee.

But returning to our Dover Street friend, we find he omitted to mention that godown is the Shanghai word for warehouse and originates from the Malayan gedong or space.

It's a long, long way from Nanking Road to Dover Street, isn't it?



GREAT WORLD.



The "Great World"

is a Chinese amusement palace, a kind of Coney Island in Shanghai. Its strange facade of indescribable architecture covers a labyrinth of theatres, menageries, refreshment rooms, distorting mirrors, fortune tellers, letter writers and restaurants of all styles. The entrance fee is 10 cents if one does not use the lift to the third floor, otherwise 20 cents is charged.

The "Great World" is one of many amusement places all over Shanghai and China, typical and unchangeable as the country itself. Day and night these places are crowded, mothers carrying their sleeping babies, while infants cling to their skirts. Men, women and children crack sunflower seeds and peanuts, littering the remains all over the place. The crowd shuffles slowly from one hall into another, here watching a juggler or magician, there listening to the high-pitched squeaking singsong of a girl, sipping tea on a rock roof-garden, taking a donkey-ride in a miniature menagerie, laughing at their distorted images in concave mirrors, dictating a family-letter or taking a bite of some delicacy from a far away province of China. Among the whirl and noise of the many guests and spectators, the foreign observer will be struck by the fact that there is never a drunkard. Chinese love pleasure and fun and a good laugh, they can ruin themselves with gambling, but they will never drink so much that they cannot stand with perfect soberness and neither will one ever observe Chinese men treating women in public otherwise than with decency and politeness. Therefore, it is really a nice "Great World" to watch and to participate in its visitors' gaiety, soberness and good-natured joy of living.

龍金白
烟香

和豐信永商店

大國味精

味精大國

大國味精

味精大國

和豐信永商店

和豐信永商店

和豐信永商店

和豐信永商店



Pidgin-English is one of the most typical features of Shanghai. Originating in Canton it has come to dominate the whole coast of China and has penetrated the country as far as foreign influence has reached. Academically spoken, it is a mixture of English, Portuguese, Indian and some French words with the Chinese idiom. Personally speaking, one can only consider it the most repulsive misuse of what was given to the human race as language, but as it has proved to be indispensable in China one has to choose between the situation of a deaf mute at a choral union, or learn as quickly as possible a solid amount of Pidgin-English, while in Shanghai.

5.

"Pidgin" is a corruption of the word business, so Pidgin-English means business English. This knowledge helps the eager student to an elementary understanding. Any kind of affair is "business." "To be" is translated by "to belong." "That is too bad" has to be put in as: "this belong very bad pidgin."

One counts in "pieces." Visitors will be conventionally announced: "Master, two piecee missee wantchee see you." "Give me" means "pay me" but one can also say: "Missee, can pay cocktails?" which means: "Does Madam want cocktails?" Food is "chow." It may be mentioned that there is a very realistic relation between this word and the fashionable "Chow-chow" dogs, some Chinese considering these amiable animals a special delicacy for which they pay the highest prices.

Good, better and best are correctly put in "goodee, more better and much more better." Any sort of speaking or exclaiming is "talkee." Everything above us is "topside." Go upstairs is "go topside." An aeroplane logically is a "topside rickshaw."

The question whether the barber has come will be efficiently put in three words: "Barber have got?" and will be answered by: "Have got" or "No have got," as the case may be. "I am afraid it is going to rain" has to be announced by the words: "My muchee fear makee rain."

If you are not quick in adapting yourself to this glorious product of Chinese-foreign collaboration, your "Number One" servant and mentor at the same time will have to tell his friends: "This master no belong goodee, no can talkee proper." But beware: if you have proudly learned enough Pidgin-English to make you feel an old China hand, do not address a Chinese gentleman over the dinner-table with the cordial words: "You likee foreign chow?" A man once did and the Chinese happened to be an Ambassador, educated at Oxford.

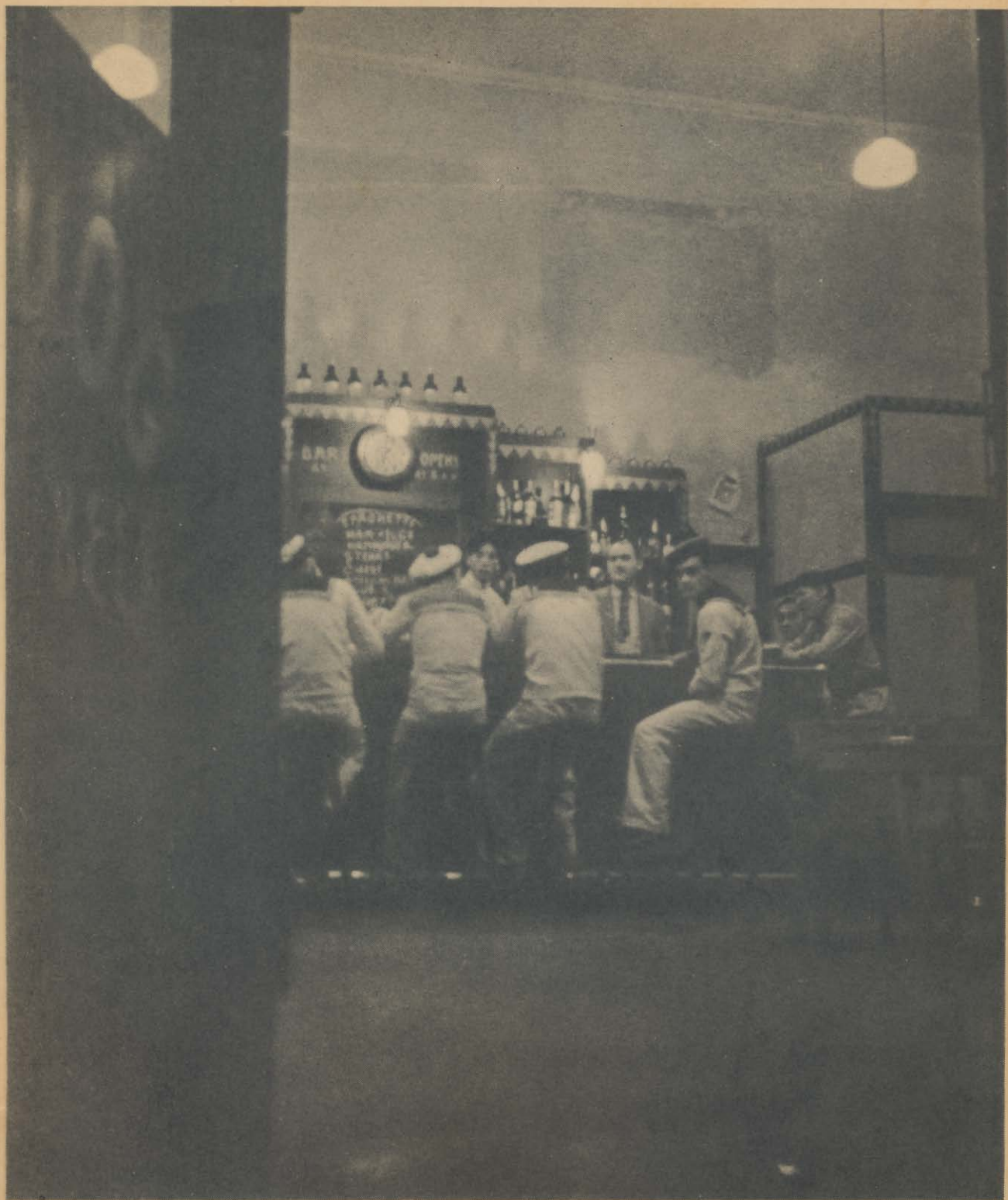
BLOOD ALLEY

"Blood Alley," a side-street off Avenue Edward VII is officially christened Rue Chu Pao San. Nearly two dozen cabarets and bars have settled in this short street, creating a kind of sailor's paradise. How it came by its realistic name, is clear for obvious and logical reasons. In daylight nobody could discover anything but closed or empty restaurants in grey and dull buildings in a rather quiet and untidy narrow lane. But at night life whizzes up like multi-coloured rockets. Beggars, taxi-hustlers, rickshaw coolies, Annamite policemen in considerable numbers appear, and soldiers, sailors of every nationality, and occasional civilians. Music bursts from the lighted bars and cafés and a chorus of voices fills the street. Sometimes the gay symphony tunes over into the shrill outburst of a sudden quarrel, and it would not be "Blood Alley" if differences of opinion about a girl or a casual political remark could not make knives appear in heavy fists or bottles come in close contact with heads. Furniture and mirrors

are smashed and like flames in the wind the fight spreads from one bar to the next. That is the signal for the French law to intervene; suddenly dozens of police officers are among the fighters who in no time are loaded on trucks and safely locked up till their superiors arrive to deal with their considerably sobered charges.

But next day some other boats arrive and other sailors have their evening off and at night the lights flash over another crowd of sailors and soldiers, gaily disappearing in some twenty doors that open into some twenty cafés and bars in "Blood Alley."





chinese



Chinese women are probably the most shapely of all the races in the world. Small of stature, they are as a rule very slim, with straight backs and lovely legs. Their feet and hands are aristocratic, even among the working class, and their skin, though of thick texture, is of a pale olive shade that can be effectively accentuated by make-up. The crippled feet, once the pride of China's womanhood as well as a torture which every girl had to undergo from her eighth year, have almost disappeared from the big cities, though they are still common among peasant folk in the interior of the country. No longer does the swaying and helpless tripping of a woman excite the Chinese man. Crippled feet meant womanly sex appeal in olden days, but footbinding is now discarded and natural feet are fashionable again.

The traditional dress of the old Chinese lady is wide pants of black silk and a short jacket of more or less valuable material. On festive occasions the lady formerly wore the heavy embroidered coat, famous and appreciated by foreigners, too, for its workmanship. Derived from this formal style is the coolie-woman's wear simplified into a pair of cotton trousers and a white or grey cotton jacket, and a pair of heelless cloth slippers.

The modern costume of the Chinese woman is the straight gown with high, stiff collar and generally short sleeves, and slit from the ankle to the knee. At times, long panties, not unlike pyjama trousers, were worn under this garment, but at present the lovely lady prefers to show a dainty leg in silk stockings.

It is a puzzle how Chinese women achieve these wonders in variety, colours and general elegance with their one and only way of cutting a dress. One could not compare the Chinese dress with the Japanese kimono which expresses, by colour and design, age, social standing of a woman and whether she is married or single, mother and of how many children. The effect may be charming and colourful, yet Japanese women have no liberty to dress otherwise than according to tradition and the strictest convention, and have only a limited possibility of manifesting some individual taste; while the Chinese lady manages to put a world of elegance, chic and coquettishness into two lengths of material. If the kimono tells **WHO** a Japanese woman is, the Chinese dress betrays in a most charming manner **WHAT** she is.



women



Nobody would take the girl in the blue, plainly trimmed dress with a conveniently low collar and the comfortable black shoes for anything but a graduate college woman, who looks seriously through spectacles into a methodical world of prejudiced conceptions. Nevertheless, her dress is cut almost similarly with only tiny differences, to the shining garment of another high-heeled woman. This dress has a very high and tight collar, the shoulders round under a mere suspicion of a sleeve, and the slit in the skirt seems ambitious to reach up to it. This dress's contents has an entirely different view on things and the little head that crowns the high collar may be heavy from late nights rather than from thinking.

There is the dress of the good middle-class lady—conventional as convention can be, made of good and solid material and of quiet design, the collar modestly high and well fitting, worn with nicely embroidered heelless slippers. There is nothing about her of the middle-class style that typifies the appearance of her western sisters. She is stylish in all varieties from poverty to riches and always distinguished-looking.

The sixth and most disturbing dress belongs to the worldly woman, who puts some unexpected charm into every line of the plain dress, toying with colour effects, creating little miracles with flowers, jewellery and her own poised carriage. This dress expresses the confidence of the daughter of wealth, or the thoughtfulness of man's beautiful companion and sometimes the thoughtlessness of a fashion-doll's empty little head.

This, and more, the plain Chinese dress depicts.



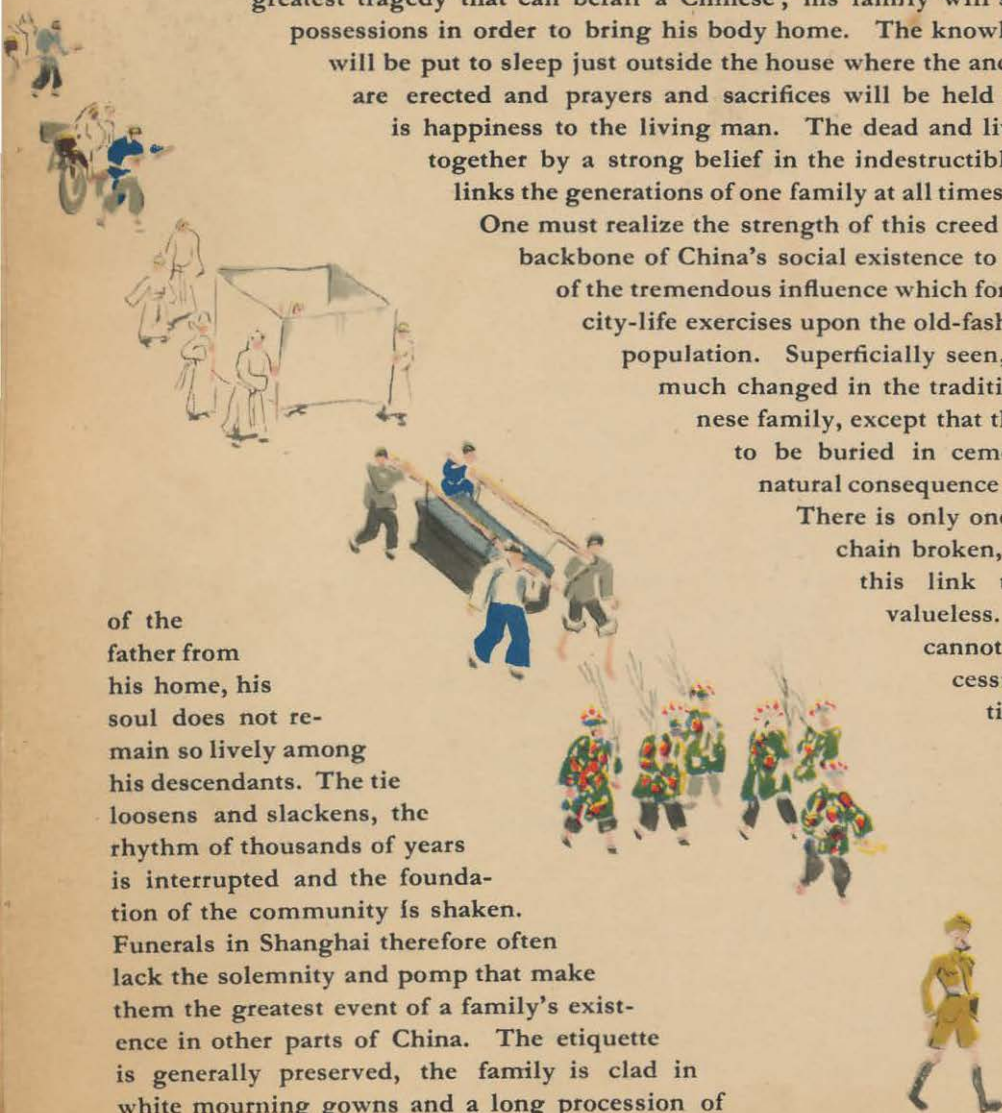
FUNERALS

The Chinese are a rural people and their tradition demands they bury everyone in their own field so that they will remain a part of what is the most sacred to them: their family and their soil. To die abroad, away from his home is the greatest tragedy that can befall a Chinese; his family will sell their last possessions in order to bring his body home. The knowledge that he will be put to sleep just outside the house where the ancestor-tablets are erected and prayers and sacrifices will be held for his soul, is happiness to the living man. The dead and living are tied together by a strong belief in the indestructible chain that links the generations of one family at all times and for ever.

One must realize the strength of this creed which is the backbone of China's social existence to get a notion of the tremendous influence which foreign-created city-life exercises upon the old-fashioned native population. Superficially seen, there is not much changed in the tradition of a Chinese family, except that the dead have to be buried in cemeteries, as a natural consequence of big towns.

There is only one link in the chain broken, but without this link the chain is valueless. Real belief cannot make concessions for practical reasons. If one takes the body

of the father from his home, his soul does not remain so lively among his descendants. The tie loosens and slackens, the rhythm of thousands of years is interrupted and the foundation of the community is shaken. Funerals in Shanghai therefore often lack the solemnity and pomp that make them the greatest event of a family's existence in other parts of China. The etiquette is generally preserved, the family is clad in white mourning gowns and a long procession of friends in hire-cars accompanies the deceased to his new and last home. But there is no more beauty and consolation in these rites. Some invaluable human riches have been wasted away by the hectic rush of modern city life.





RELATIVES IN MOURNING

NOTE

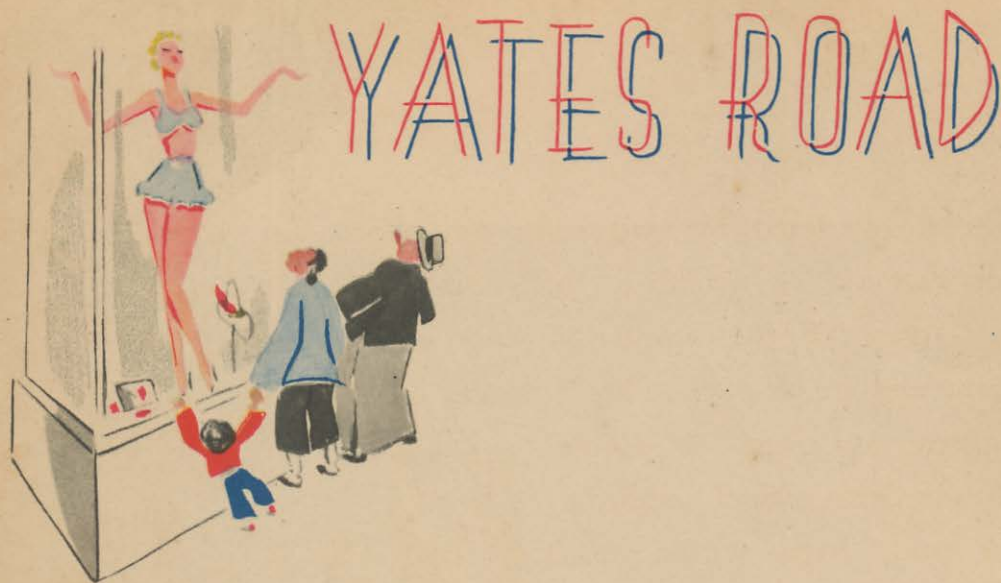
Every character in this book is entirely fictitious
and no reference whatever is intended to any
living person.





cards





THE ROAD OF UNDERWEAR, CURIOS AND OTHER CURIOSITIES

A former Shanghai lady wrote from America: "The laundress refuses to handle my Shanghai nightgowns, insisting that they are dainty evening dresses that ought to be dry-cleaned at a price that would easily buy a new one in Yates Road."

Shanghaianders also know that those luxurious nothings of silk, lace and embroidery, lingerie for a discriminating lady, which are beautifully displayed in the windows of the most expensive shops at Rue de la Paix in Paris, six times out of ten originate from Shanghai, as do the genuine "Appenzell" handkerchiefs, of which ninety per cent are made in China.



Yates Road, lined by two rows of shops for ladies' underwear is a paradise for womanly desires. No other place in the world offers a similar variety of elegant and graceful "undies" made of heaviest satin, georgette or crepe de Chine, and wonderful hand embroideries and laces within reach of even the smallest purse. This, however, is not all that Yates Road offers. Dresses, coats, dexterously copied from the fashion papers and foreign shops, heavy mandarin-coats—a special attraction for American school-teachers and cor-



pulent housewives for evening wear—share the visitor's interest with the window display of the curio-shops. These objets d'art are not altogether genuine and antique, but they are as bright and attractive as are all the other commodities in "Underwear Road." Therefore, they serve their purpose well by pleasing the buyer and fuel the huge engine of Shanghai's economic life.





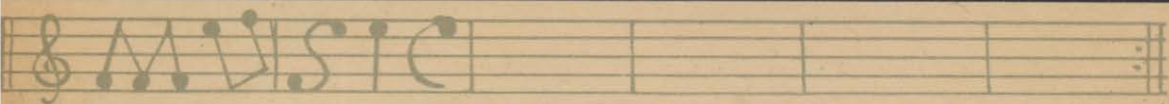
PUBLIC HEALTH

Shanghai's geographical situation is semi-tropical and on the sea level; its population has grown tremendously during the short century that saw the town rising from a small coastal place to one of the biggest ports of the world. This, and the fact that the poorer class of natives are traditionally opposed to hygiene and cleanliness, should make Shanghai a breeding place for all kinds of diseases. Yet there is relatively not much difference between public health in Shanghai and in other giant cities. Thanks to the efforts of the French and International authorities, much has been achieved, though much more is to be done before conditions among the Chinese will equal western conceptions of health preservation.

Cholera and typhoid fever are endemic, though figures are considerably low, and all the dreaded diseases of the middle ages, such as leprosy and elephantiasis still exist among the masses of the poor. The foreigners know how to protect themselves and few are their casualties from epidemic and endemic diseases. For the Chinese, general enlightenment, free vaccination and medical care in many hospitals and polyclinics are provided by the authorities; survey of labour conditions, children's work and other social problems is exercised by the Council. Step by step, western science is penetrating into the wilderness of Chinese superstition, quackery, ignorance and dirt. The progress is slow but every victim snatched away from destruction and death by systematic medical treatment is a victory and gives hope to the brave pioneers to fight on till disease and suffering decline, and with the greatest possible safety for the population, a physical and mental regeneration of China's children will once more bring them back to the level of her glorious civilization which their ancestors began achieving with their healthy brains and strong bodies, five thousand years ago.



THE VICTORIA NURSES' HOME / COUNTRY HOSPITAL



Shanghai has no permanent theatre except the Chinese, which is incomprehensible in language and style to the non-sinologist. The foreigners have only their amateur-clubs ; the Russians created a ballet and light opera, the Germans keep their own ensemble, the French sometimes also get together for a dramatic performance (on the stage) and so do almost all of Shanghai's four dozen nationalities. Only the A.D.C., the English Amateur Dramatic Club is internationally frequented. It was founded in 1867 and since then has performed some three hundred plays.

As far as music is concerned, Shanghailanders are better off on account of a professional Municipal Orchestra. Its members, under the almost historic baton of their Italian conductor, are as cosmopolitan as their listeners. Sunday is music-day for the foreign community gathered faithfully at 5.15 p.m. for two hours to listen to some classical or modern programme. Besides the concerts of the Municipal Orchestra, Shanghai frequently enjoys the performance of famous soloists on their tours of the world. Every great artist seems to have appeared at least once in Shanghai, so that music lovers can follow the events in the world of music and enjoy them as a blessed counterbalance to the disturbing discord of our time.



THE SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA

THE CALL OF THE EAST



„BOY...“

If somebody interested in statistics would undertake to find out which word is most used among foreigners in China, he would probably discover that it is the one syllable: "BOY." If he would even go deeper into the matter and register its use phonetically, he would do a most interesting piece of work. Every secret of the human soul, every variation of man's mind he would find exhibited in the vocal use of this one short word.

The Shanghai-Man of both sexes is a human specimen which scientifically has to be compared with the domestic animal. Both, by means of other creatures doing vital things for them, have lost the capacity of looking after themselves. They have become utterly dependent on their caretakers. Shanghai people have never unpacked their trunks, never fixed up their homes. They do not know where their handkerchiefs lie or their clothes hang, nor have they ever seen how their used shirts got tidily and clean back into some unknown drawer. Their kitchen is a place they have hardly ever entered and their menu is a matter of complete surprise. The deus ex machina of their daily existence is the Boy, the Chinese man-servant. The "Master" knows nothing about him except the small amount of wages he pays him. But the Boy knows everything about his Master. The spice of the servant's anonymous life is his curiosity. Nobody knows how he achieves his Sherlock Holmes perfection; but be sure: nothing about you and your affairs is hidden from him. He seemingly can read your thoughts. He fulfils your wishes before they are uttered (if it pleases him to do so), he will keep modestly in the background when the atmosphere is thundery and promptly approach you for money the day you have done well. He wears your underwear because it is tactfully hidden from your eyes, but never smokes your cigars, for he does not like them. He keeps your house spotlessly clean except under the cupboards and in corners where you don't look anyway. He knows what



you will wear because he always knows where you go. Some mysterious communication works between him and his colleagues all over the town and you will experience your boy appearing breathlessly with a letter in his hand at the barber's where you dropped in without previous intention.

He cares for everything. What does it matter that you possess only three mocha-cups? At your dinner-party for twelve, a dozen fragile cups on heavy silver trays will be served, though they may seem utterly unknown to you. Don't bother, stranger, it's your neighbour's cups and the boss's trays which their "Number One" has graciously lent to your boy. Never will your guests' property appear on your table—too well works the Boys' organization.

The "Number-One-Boy," major-domo and master of the other servants, takes 5-20% of every expenditure. The technical term for this is "squeeze." There is a way out of this habit but it is very complicated.

For instance, if one wants a thing to be dry-cleaned, one can go to some dry-cleaning shop and inquire about the price, which may be \$2.00 in our case. Then one goes home and complains hypocritically to one's boy that the Chinese shops are always so grasping with foreigners. They wanted \$1.50 for such a small thing, you pretend! Could the boy, please, go and try to get it done cheaper? The boy consents, ready to serve, and disappears for the afternoon. At dinner he will tell you that it is impossible to get the thing cleaned for less than \$1.50 notwithstanding his greatest efforts and his gift of persuasion. The thing comes back after a couple of days, nicely cleaned and with a bill for \$1.50. The boy pays \$1.20 to the shop which is their normal rate for Chinese and keeps 30 cents for himself. At this psychological moment one feels the keen satisfaction of having personally squeezed 25%, that is 5% more than the boy himself. That is great fun and can be endlessly varied. But one must have time. . . .

THE PARKS

There are not many parks in Shanghai but the few that exist are well kept and verdantly lovely. There are Hongkew Park and the Public Garden in the Settlement and the small but utterly French and charming Koukaza Garden in the French Concession. The Jessfield Park, situated at the intersection of Yu Yuen Road and Brenan Road is certainly the most attractive of all. It even boasts a Zoo with lots of rabbits, a large monkey-family, exotic birds and two real bears which are the delight and attraction of Chinese and foreign youth.

Romance hides in the cosy corners of the sweet-smelling bushes and gaudy coloured flower beds attract and please the eye. On a fine day, one can see thousands of Chinese and many foreigners walking about the park, children playing on the wide lawns and old people comfortably sitting on the benches in the sunshine.

In summer, the weekly concerts of the Municipal Orchestra are held at Jessfield Park. A special part of the park is reserved for musical performances with a huge shell-shaped pavilion for the orchestra and rows of comfortable beach chairs in which the listeners recline in perfect relaxation under the twinkling stars. Arriving after the concert has begun, one gets the impression that the place is empty except for the orchestra as, from a distance, the audience in its deep chairs is quite invisible. That gives a strange thrill of perfect isolation within a sympathetic community united by God's greatest wonders : Nature and Music.





JESSFIELD PARK



Shanghai children are a chapter in themselves, the foreign ones at least. Their life is wrapped from the very beginning in the easy-going principles of Shanghai people.

Servants are cheap and efficient. Therefore, why should one bother with one's household or daily duties, as one's fellow-creatures do in the western hemisphere of this globe? Every foreigner, whatever his income be, can afford to keep a cook-boy, and generally an amah and a coolie for hard work too. What is left to do at home for Mummie? She has other duties of a social nature, teas, bridge or mahjong-parties, dinners and dances and after all, Amah is SO reliable and fond of Baby!

The first words are taught to the little creature by the amah; more follow in due course and they are all genuine Pidgin-English. How amusing it is for the surprised parents when they find this out! Cook is the source of food and drink and soon the little one discovers that with a spot of energy and a trifle of crying the menu will quickly be adapted to his whims. Tidying toys, dressing, feeding is Amah's business and woe to the unworthy creature if mother discovers that Baby's manners are deplorable!

When the children grow up things become even easier. They go to school and have special parties all the time and from the ripe age of seven or eight they attend regularly the races and the movies where they learn everything about life, refined tastes and high morals. They get admirably independent and self-assured and they are able to move all by themselves all over the town and always have something to do. Some of them are later sent home to school to Europe or America. Then they usually forget their Shanghai upbringing very quickly. Others stay on. These invariably get polished later on and shaped by their first severe educator: Life.

All Shanghai children have one thing in common: they worship the city of their childhood.

SHANGHAI
CHILDREN





"SISTER" THE JAVANESE BEAR AT THE JESSFIELD ZOO

A

S

K

Masque

is a Portuguese word that means: "never mind."

Pidgin English has transformed it into "Maskee" and given it a somewhat broader meaning.

"Never mind!"—it does not matter!

Who cares? Why bother about something that cannot be changed by worrying? "Nitchewo," say the Russians and mean something on the same lines, and a Frenchman may flippantly exclaim: "ah, je m'en fiche . . .," in a similar frame of mind.

Maskee has become an essential expression in Shanghai's peculiar language that has been adopted by all tongues, be they English, Norwegian, Greek, or even Cantonese dialect. Everybody is using it from the rickshaw coolie to the educated Chinese, the foreign child and the rich trader.

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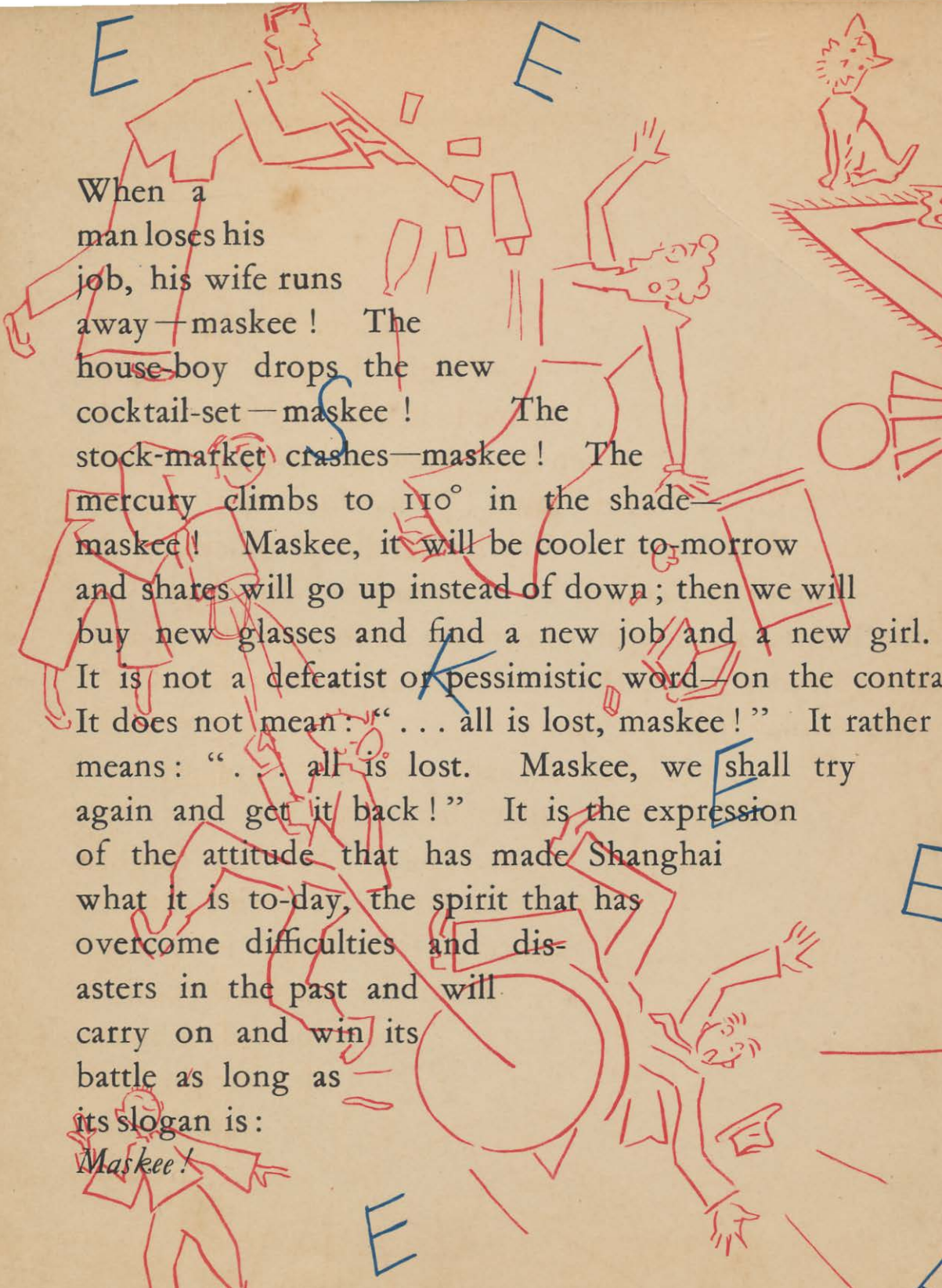
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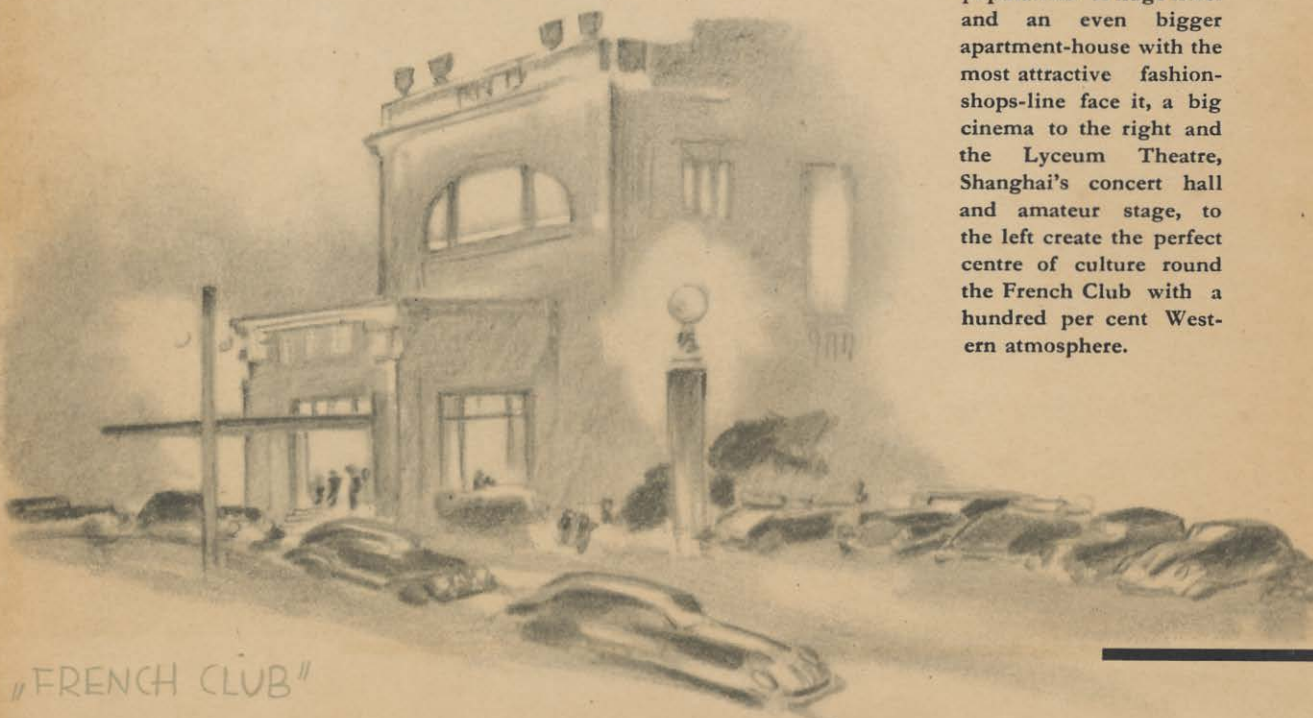
When a man loses his job, his wife runs away—maskee! The house-boy drops the new cocktail-set—maskee! The stock-market crashes—maskee! The mercury climbs to 110° in the shade—maskee! Maskee, it will be cooler to-morrow and shares will go up instead of down; then we will buy new glasses and find a new job and a new girl. It is not a defeatist or pessimistic word—on the contrary. It does not mean: "... all is lost, maskee!" It rather means: "... all is lost. Maskee, we shall try again and get it back!" It is the expression of the attitude that has made Shanghai what it is to-day, the spirit that has overcome difficulties and disasters in the past and will carry on and win its battle as long as its slogan is:
Maskee!



'ROUND THE CERCLE SPORTIF FRANÇAIS

Among the many peculiarities of Shanghai, the French Club, as the "Cercle Sportif Français" is popularly called, is unique in the world of clubs. Outwardly nothing is unusual with the white building, the broad terrace that leads into a garden and spacious tennis grounds. A beautiful swimming pool refreshes the melting members in summer and Badminton warms up a shivering humanity during the winter-months. But notwithstanding these statements and the name, the "Cercle Sportif Français" encircles neither a limited community nor is it exaggeratedly sportive and neither is it too French. Its member-list contains about as many nationalities as the "French Town" itself and that is something over thirty-five These members freely entertain their friends for cocktails, tea and dinner-dances and use the club altogether as an official appendix of their homes. The consequence is strange and amusing enough. This club is no ordinary club but a civilized and improved reproduction of the huge melting-pot that is Shanghai. The French Club is the result of the city's social structure and Shanghai without the French Club would be a body without a soul.

Round the French Club pulses the non-working-existence of a large foreign sector of the population. A huge hotel and an even bigger apartment-house with the most attractive fashion-shops-line face it, a big cinema to the right and the Lyceum Theatre, Shanghai's concert hall and amateur stage, to the left create the perfect centre of culture round the French Club with a hundred per cent Western atmosphere.



"FRENCH CLUB"



GROSVENOR HOUSE



"French Town" is the popular name of the concession inhabited by one-half per cent French subjects, five per cent comprising some fifty different nationalities, and a modest "rest" of a million Chinese. The French Concession started life at about the same time as the International Settlement. It is administered by the French Consul General as ex-officio Chairman of the Council with the assistance of an advisory body, of which half is French and the other half foreign and Chinese in equal numbers.

The Council of the French Concession may at first sight seem to resemble in authority and functions the Municipal Council of the International Settlement. The two administrations, however, are of very different types. The provisions of the French reserve the real power of the government to the Consul General, while the Municipal Council is an executive body exercising general control.

FRENCH TOWN



The Consul General is also the head of the police force, famous and highly respected by the whole population for their verve and incomparable courage. Whether French, Russian, Annamite or Chinese, the police officer seems to put on with his uniform some of those qualities of bravery and quick wits in which the French have excelled at all times.

Walking down the axis of the Concession, its thoroughfare and main business street, Avenue Joffre, one would never imagine one was in a "French Town." Eight out of ten foreign passers-by are Russians, speaking their mother-tongue, entering Russian shops or restaurants with Russian signboards and behaving in general as if they were exclusively among themselves. Until the sad invasion of refugees from Central Europe they had, as a matter of fact, so given their colouring to their surroundings that Shanghaianders used to refer to Avenue Joffre as "Boulevard Moscow."

Turning away from Avenue Joffre towards the west, one suddenly is surrounded by a strikingly European atmosphere. The authorities have kept from these parts everything that could disturb the peace and quietness of this vast residential district with its beautiful houses and well-kept gardens.

The main road, however, leads straight—for Avenue Joffre has not a single curve in five miles—to Siccawei, the great Jesuit Mission. The name means "Place of the Su family" as its origin goes back to a certain Su, noted mandarin during the Ming Dynasty in about A.D. 1580. He became a Christian under Father Ricci and practically converted the whole neighbourhood, which became the nucleus of what has developed into one of the best equipped missions in the world. Wonderful social work has been achieved here. Homes for destitutes, orphanages, and hospitals are open to the poorest, while industrial departments from embroidering to painting, printing and manufacturing furniture, have supplied numberless Chinese in the course of time with work, knowledge and social and mental improvement. The most famous part of Siccawei is its observatory, one of the greatest in the world. It is the chief observatory of the Far East and is in communication with all other stations daily. One can get an idea of its tremendous responsibility, if one realizes that all weather forecasts and ship movements on the China coast depend solely on the reports that Siccawei observatory has been sending out day by day for the last seventy years.

COUNTRY LIFE

Every busy week fortunately has an end and even Shanghai, this giant incongruous mass of stone, has a country surrounding it. This country is China, the real China, which is difficult to discover within the city representing a mixture of Americanism, European influence spiced with Russian peculiarities, and westernized Chinese features. Just outside the paved settlement roads spreads Hungjao with its wide area of green and blue, fields dotted with small villages, and ponds shadowed by melancholic willows. Here are the luxurious dwellings of rich Shanghai people too, surrounded by gardens and parks, and well kept golf courses where exhausted businessmen and their well rested wives spend the Saturday afternoons and Sundays. There is the polo field for Shanghai's most energetic muscle men, and horse riding for everybody. Shanghai's country life is as important as all distraction is for the assiduous, as relaxation for the tired, as simplicity and innocence for the too subtle and sophisticated. Hungjao and its surroundings are indeed the reward offered by a restless and overworked city to those who have the privilege of sometimes getting away from it.





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